Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
MARCH 1990

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

LETHAL WEAPON:
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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 3/March 1990 Black Label Edition

Cover by Suzie Sauvage

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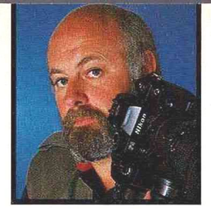
Lethal Weapon

Pet Of The Month

The Last Safari

Gale Force



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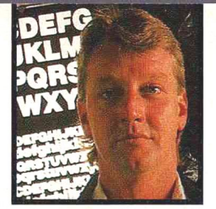

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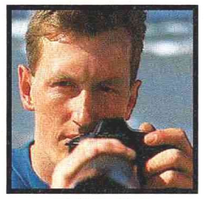

MICHAEL ELLEM

AMANDA UPTON

HOUSECALL

THE INVISIBLE GAG
Book publishers and authors, newspaper editors and journalists, TV stations and reporters are all subject to an invisible gag that is tightening all the time as defamation actions bring increasingly massive rewards to the fatcats who can afford to launch them. **Robert Pullan**, author of the ground-breaking book *Guilty Secrets: Free Speech In Australia*, presents a scathing attack on the "defamation industry" and the Australians who line their pockets at the expense of our freedom of speech. **Nigel Buchanan** created the illustration on page 34.

LETHAL WEAPON
Martial artist and weapons expert Brian Ellison is turning a lifelong association with physical violence into a marketable art; he's the man Australian film producers turn to when they want something really spectacular and original in the area of lethal weaponry. Senior Editor **Greg Hunter's** profile of an extraordinary character begins on page 50. The accompanying photos were shot by **Wayne Miles.**

THE LAST SAFARI
The African safari of legend is on the verge of extinction. Ironically, the outlawing of organised hunting safaris in Kenya has contributed to the decimation of wildlife as poachers now move in for the kill. **Mark Warwick**, former hunter and resident of Kenya, explains the tragic realities that thwart the conservation of elephants, rhinos and other big game throughout the Dark Continent. Turn to page 74.

GALE FORCE
It was a day that dawned grey, cold and rainy, but for the board sailors who'd gathered at Sandy Point in Victoria with dreams of breaking the world speed sailing record, it was nirvana: winds gusting at 60 knots, giving everyone who dared to try a chance of cracking the 40-knot speed barrier. **Otto Schmidinger** was on hand to witness an astonishing event in the short history of board sailing, while **Michael Ellem** shot the accompanying photos. Their story is on page 90.

A MILLION SWALLOWS
In Bangkok, an unhappy bachelor found something he liked too much, and his life would never be the same again. Australian author **James McQueen** presents a sensitive and acutely observed piece of fiction, beginning on page 56 with an illustration by **Amanda Upton.**

MEAN MACHINE
The Japanese call the Nissan GT-R *obakemono*, which means "monster." It doesn't look like a Lamborghini Countach, but thanks to some remarkably innovative technology, it goes like one. And it's set to blow the swarms of Ford Sierras off the track on the Australian touring car circuit. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** was goggle-eyed at the performance specifications of the new master blaster. His breathless evaluation begins on page 106, with accompanying photos by **Bill Forsyth.**

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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Drilling for Vegemite

After reading the sickening saga of the soggy Sao (*Penthouse* Feedback, November 1989) I felt it was time that someone pointed out to these surf club members that they are a bunch of faggots. I would be interested to know if they are capable of getting it up with a real woman and, if they can, I'd be prepared to bet that they form part of that internationally renowned sub-species of macho Australians who take seconds to "perform" before rushing off to boast to their mates and partake in another circle jerk. Face facts, fellows, you are a pack of poofters. — *"Disgusted", Drummoyne, NSW*

Ten years after

I have just renewed my subscription to your magazine after having previously subscribed in your first year of publication. The Black Label edition is even better than the subscriber edition of ten years ago, particularly in the pictorial sense; your editorial content has always been first rate. The inclusion of girl/girl pictorials is a particularly pleasing bonus.

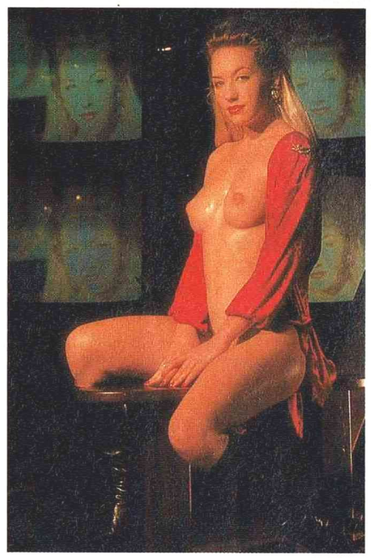
By way of constructive criticism, however, may I offer a couple of minor suggestions? First, I think the Black Label edition would benefit immensely from the inclusion of the regular *Penthouse* Practitioner that appears in the Queensland news-stand edition; advice on sexual health and medical problems is not only highly warranted today, but such a positive extra would make the magazine more attractive to a wider audience.

Secondly, in my opinion, the covers that grace the news-stand editions often showcase the best and most memorable of your photographic work. The cover of the tenth anniversary issue was superb. A return to full photographic covers on your subscriber-only edition would be greatly appreciated, I'm sure. — *Name withheld, Brisbane, Qld*

Thanks for the advice. Your sound suggestions are under consideration. Penthouse *welcomes further comments on these and all aspects of the magazine.* — Ed

The sublime and the ridiculous

It was with great pleasure that I discovered your pictorial "Extremes" in the November '89 edition. As my eyes flirted with images of the delectable Sandra and my fingers turned the pages for more and more, my perception hovered close to sensory overload of the most exquisite kind. Extreme, indeed, but equally extreme was the rude shock and turn-off I got when, turning to the last and most revealing page of the pictorial, I found the ultimate unclothed woman alongside a lurid cartoon depicting "Bertman", alias Bert "Moonface" Newton. Talk about the sublime and the ridiculous!



Karen Miers . . . white hot

I'm not criticising the calibre of the cartoon, just its placement. Old Bert was quite out of his element next to the extremely attractive Sandra. In future, why not try inserting a few pages of bland non-pictorial material between the climax of a nude pictorial and the Kantor cartoon? I don't think I'm up to any more shocks like the one I got from Bert. — *M. Llewellyn, Ringwood, Vic*

Deliver your verdict

I've just finished a preliminary viewing of your December edition and thought I'd do something rash and enclose this note with my vote for Pet Of The Year. I have examined the evidence and my verdict is that you're guilty of perpetrating entertainment in the first degree. The Jeff Harding profile, in particular, was one of the finest reads I've had in a long time. Keep 'em coming. — *R. Campbell, Grange, SA*

Fine fiction

Just a note to let you know how much I appreciated Blind Night (December *Penthouse*). Although it appeared as fiction, I can tell you now that that story was exactly what driving a cab in Sydney is all about. I've had plenty of experiences like the main character in the story in the ten years I've been driving, and I'm sick and tired of the flack cab drivers have been copping in the media lately. There was even a phone-in on an ABC talkback show recently where listeners were encouraged to tell about their worst experiences with cab drivers. Sure there's plenty of scum driving cabs — there's plenty of scum getting in the back seat too — but this witch hunt is getting out of hand. Most cabbies are ordinary blokes trying to make a quid in a cut-throat, penny-pinching, bloody dangerous business, as Paul Hayden's story very successfully pointed out. I reckon if you did a phone-in on any trade — plumbers or TV repairmen or tax accountants or solicitors or whatever — you'd come up with the same number of horror stories. So how about getting off our backs? Or the next bloke who throws up in my cab is going to get it! — *Name and address withheld*

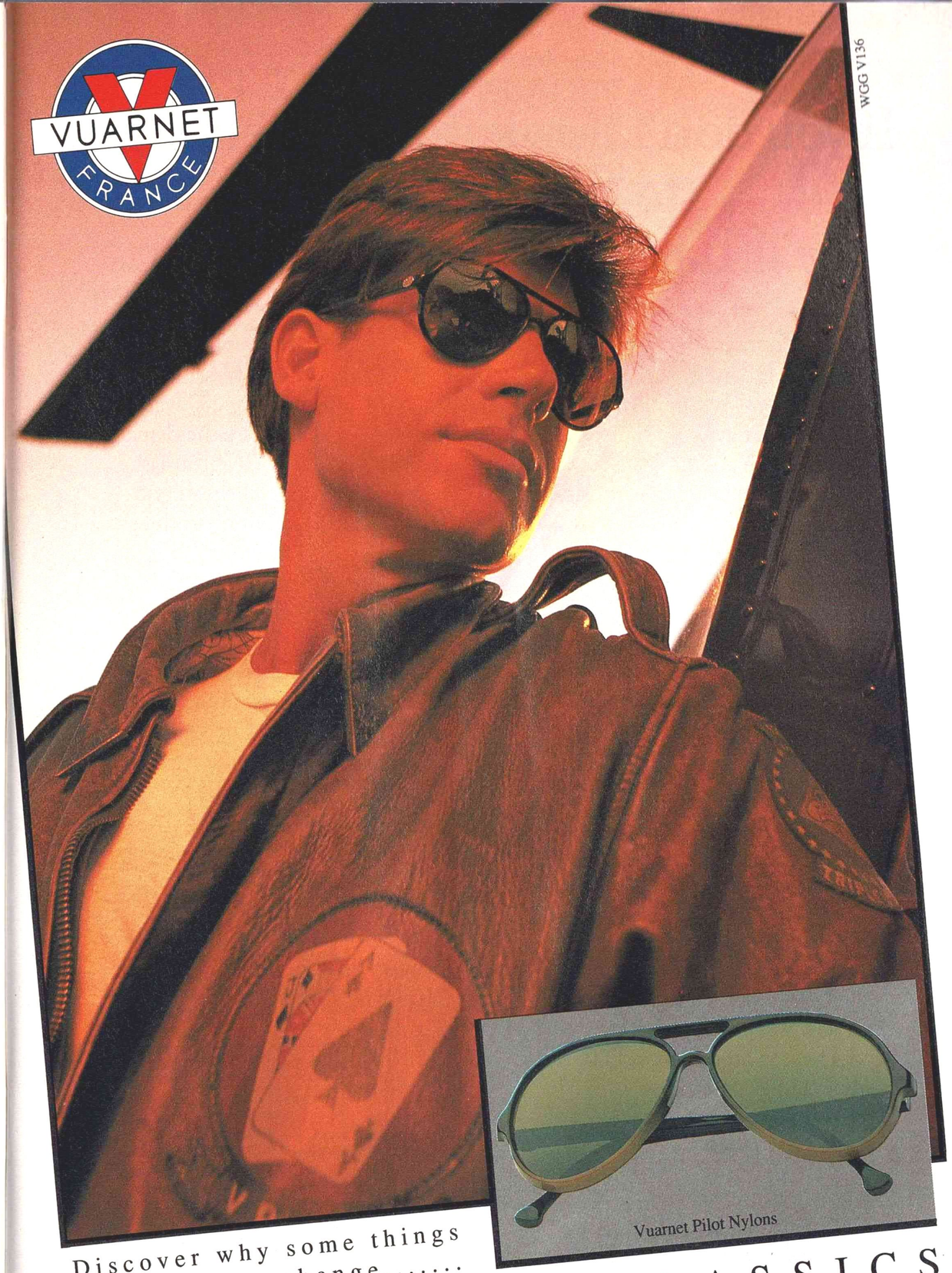
The dancer

Karen Miers can dance all over me any time she likes! Your December centrefold was the hottest thing since Ash Wednesday. You mentioned in the accompanying words that Karen was a dancer with a troupe up on the Gold Coast. Can you tell me where I can catch her act? — *Paul Jones, Brisbane, Qld*

Karen has quit the troupe and now does various promotions as a Penthouse *Pet. You might bump into her one day if you're lucky.* — Ed

You Bloody beauty

As a long-time fan of Kevin Bloody Wilson, I am moved to congratulate you on the profile of The Little Bloke in your December issue. Laugh? Mate, I fair choked a darkie. — *S.T., Broken Hill, NSW*



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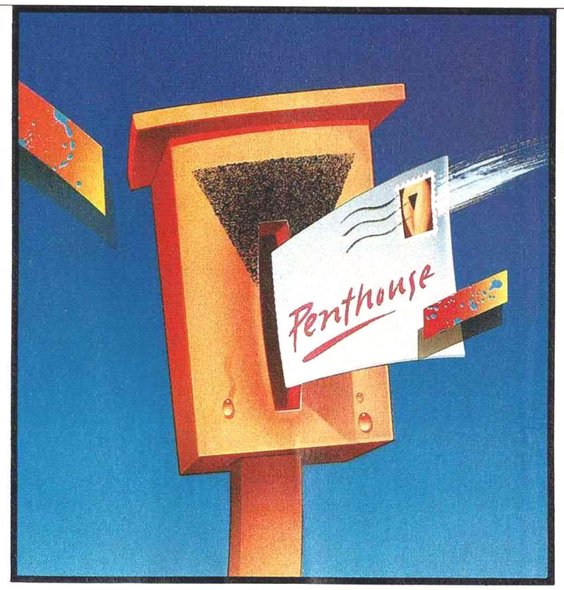


Scientific sex

The other night my wife and I went to dinner at the house of some good friends of ours. Both their kids and ours were at pyjama parties, so it was strictly an adult night. All this ever meant before was that we might have enough peace and quiet to talk half-intelligently to one another. This night was to be different.

Over dessert the conversation somehow drifted around to the research a psychology professor of mine had done at the university. His studies showed that when the lights went out, it was impossible for anyone to tell whether they were kissing a man or a woman, let alone identify their mate's lips. Just as I had been sceptical about this at uni, neither my wife nor my friends believed me. So, being the good scientists that we are, we decided to put my professor's hypothesis to the test. We did the whole number, using blindfolds, random selection, double-blind ratings, etc. The professor was right — we couldn't pick which lips were our partners' or which lips belonged to which sex.

Still, skepticism (and some feelings of both arousal and humiliation) remained. Maybe it was difficult to tell the difference between a man's and a woman's lips (who paid that much attention to lips?), but surely, we reasoned, spouses could identify their partner's more intimate parts. Thus, in the name of science, we turned out the lights and removed our tops. We lined up in silence, the men opposite the women. Each of us took our turn feeling the breasts of the opposite sex. It was wonderful not knowing who was who. My wife and my female friend are both about the same size, so it was no giveaway. I caressed each breast in my hands, cupping each softly, lifting and then gently brushing each nipple with my fingers and then my tongue. The wives did the same to us.

Results: hypothesis confirmed. We were dumbfounded. We were aroused. We wanted more. In the clutch, our wives, being the astute scientists that they are, proposed testing the ancient riddle, "Is that a spear under your cloak or are you just glad to see me?" There was a long nervous silence, but our commitment to the pursuit of truth triumphed over our anxiety. We turned out the lights again and removed the rest of our clothes. One at a time, each man blindly explored the vagina of each woman with his hands, then each woman had her turn feeling the penis and balls of each man. We didn't allow simultaneous man-woman testing because we knew it would be too easy to communicate with characteristic caresses. Needless to say, this was an incredible turn-on. None of us had had sex with another partner since marriage (eight and ten years, respectively), so this feeling and being felt was totally wild to us.

Wild or not, however, we still couldn't consistently figure out who was who. At this point, each of us was ready to explode, so when my friend disappeared to the bathroom, I assumed he was going to masturbate — only he returned in a minute with two condoms. The next test was obvious to everyone. Again the lights went out. Then each man, doing his best not to have his upper body touch his female subject, entered first one woman and then the next, taking several minutes with each to investigate the interiors presented to him. Each woman, too, did her best to identify her partner from the sensations of the penis submerged and moving within her.

Unfortunately, this last experiment didn't last too long. After a few dips each, we all came together, our moans of pleasure giving away our anonymity. However, we plan future research that surely will leave Masters and Johnson in the dust. — *Name and address withheld*

Shopping for sex

I would like to tell you about an encounter I recently had that fulfilled a lifetime fantasy of mine.

Due to our careers, my girlfriend Marissa and I are currently living in separate cities. However, we are able to visit one another frequently and on her last visit we experienced an incredible sexual treat. We had spent a long day shopping in the city and were in a large department store with Marissa trying on different outfits. Marissa is a beautiful woman who would put any centrefold to shame. She is magnificent from head to toe with thick, wavy blonde hair, a gorgeous face, and haunting blue eyes that never cease to amaze me. Her skin is smooth and nicely tanned — making her body even more perfect. What separates her from other women is her ability to come a dozen or more times during sex. She melts when I use my fingers and mouth on her gorgeous blonde pussy.

As I was sitting there waiting for Marissa, a hot little salesgirl gave me a quick look-over and a smile. She was a dark-skinned brunette dressed in a nice suit with sexy heels. When Marissa came out of the dressing room, the girl commented on how nice she looked and they started to chat about fashion. Soon the store was announcing closing time, and Marissa went to the counter to purchase her selections. The salesgirl disappeared. Marissa and I headed for the elevator. As we got on, the salesgirl came running around the corner to make the elevator. She slumped against the wall, saying, "God, it is so nice to be done. I need to get home and relax."

"Us, too," said Marissa. "It's been a long day. It'll be nice to get home, get high, lay back, and see just how much we spent."

"You guys get high? I love to get high!" The girl perked up. "My name's Susan. I don't mean to be pushy, but would you mind if I joined you?"

"Not at all," I said, not really planning anything at that point. We made arrangements for Susan to follow us in her car to my apartment. Once there I mixed some drinks, and we got high. Soon we were all feeling very

comfortable with each other. Susan took off her jacket and shoes to reveal a healthy chest, slim hips, and a nice round arse.

Although Marissa and I had often joked about her making love to a woman, she had never really shown any interest in doing it. So when Marissa said she was going to get more comfortable and asked Susan if she wanted to do the same, I thought nothing of it. The two of them slipped off into the bedroom as I rolled another smoke. After a few minutes I got a little impatient and ventured up into my bedroom to see where the girls were. As I approached the room, I heard smothered breathing and muffled moaning, and it slowly dawned on me what was happening. When I reached the door, I could see Susan and Marissa locked in each other's arms. They were kissing each other. Marissa wore nothing but her panties and Susan had on her undies and bra plus a garter belt. My cock sprang to attention as the two girls stood there attacking each other's mouths and feeling each other up.

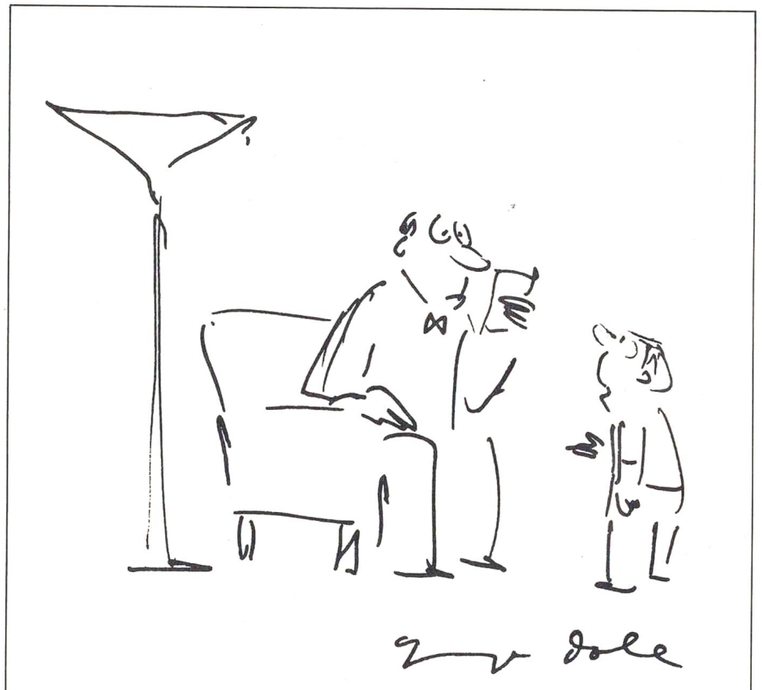
On the one hand, I couldn't believe what I was seeing, and on the other I realised that this was my dream come true. They separated just long enough for Marissa to ask, "What took you so long? Hurry up and get your clothes off." She didn't have to tell me twice. Marissa dropped to her knees and pulled Susan's panties off as Susan undid her bra. These acts were a sight to behold. Susan's tits were smaller than Marissa's but firm and tipped with big, erect nipples. Her arse was like a perfect bubble.

Marissa stood up and kicked off her own panties. Then they both jumped on to the bed and resumed their kissing and caressing. Aggressively Susan licked her way down Marissa's neck and wildly sucked her nipples. Marissa arched her back and let out a low, long moan. I approached the bed and began to rub Susan's pussy. She stopped sucking Marissa's tits only long enough to utter her own animal-like moan and then returned to her mission, slowly making a path with her tongue down my girl's body. She was soon lapping away at Marissa's pussy. Marissa could only say, "Oh God, that feels so great." And then to me, "Come here and let me suck your big cock." I obliged her by kneeling near her head so she could have my bigger-than-ever cock.

Within minutes Marissa was mashing her hips into Susan's hungry mouth, and then she began to shake with a mind-bending orgasm. She couldn't take any more, so she pulled Susan up to her and kissed her hard. They both lay there kissing and fondling for a minute, and then Marissa guided my cock into Susan's mouth. She eagerly sucked me with glee while rubbing my swollen balls and grabbing for my arse. Meanwhile, Marissa began sucking Susan's beautiful tits and nipples and fucking her with two fingers. Susan responded by bucking to Marissa's rhythm and increasing her suction on my prick. Just when I was about to explode, Susan stopped the blowjob, and Marissa began licking her clit. Susan purred in delight as she stroked my cock, and it wasn't very long before she let out a loud moan and came in my sweetie's mouth.

I decided that it was time for me to take control of the situation, so while Marissa lay on top of Susan, kissing away, I positioned myself behind her and drove my thick member into her. Marissa was super wet, and soon my cock was pumping in and out furiously. Susan was busy biting Marissa's neck, sucking her swollen nipples and rubbing her clit. Marissa began to shake with an uncontrollable orgasm, and I also found myself beyond the point of no return. I came inside her like a blast of hot lava. For the next half-hour, I lay there spent as the girls played with each other. Watching them turned me on, so that I was soon rock-hard again.

I jumped off Marissa and right into the saddle with Susan. Different pussy, same result. It was like heaven. We rode each other for another half-hour, until it was my time to burst again. Then Susan said she had to get home, but the three of us repeated this spectacular event a few days later. Thank you for letting me share this episode with you. — *Name and address withheld*



"You know what they say, Dad—nice guys finish last!"

Two virgins

I never thought that I would be writing to you, but a week ago I had the most incredible sexual experience. I am an 18-year-old female with wavy, long brown hair and a 36-24-35 figure. It takes a lot to turn me on, so I am just friends with the guys in my neighborhood, but I like to dress in sexy outfits for the pleasure of their stares.

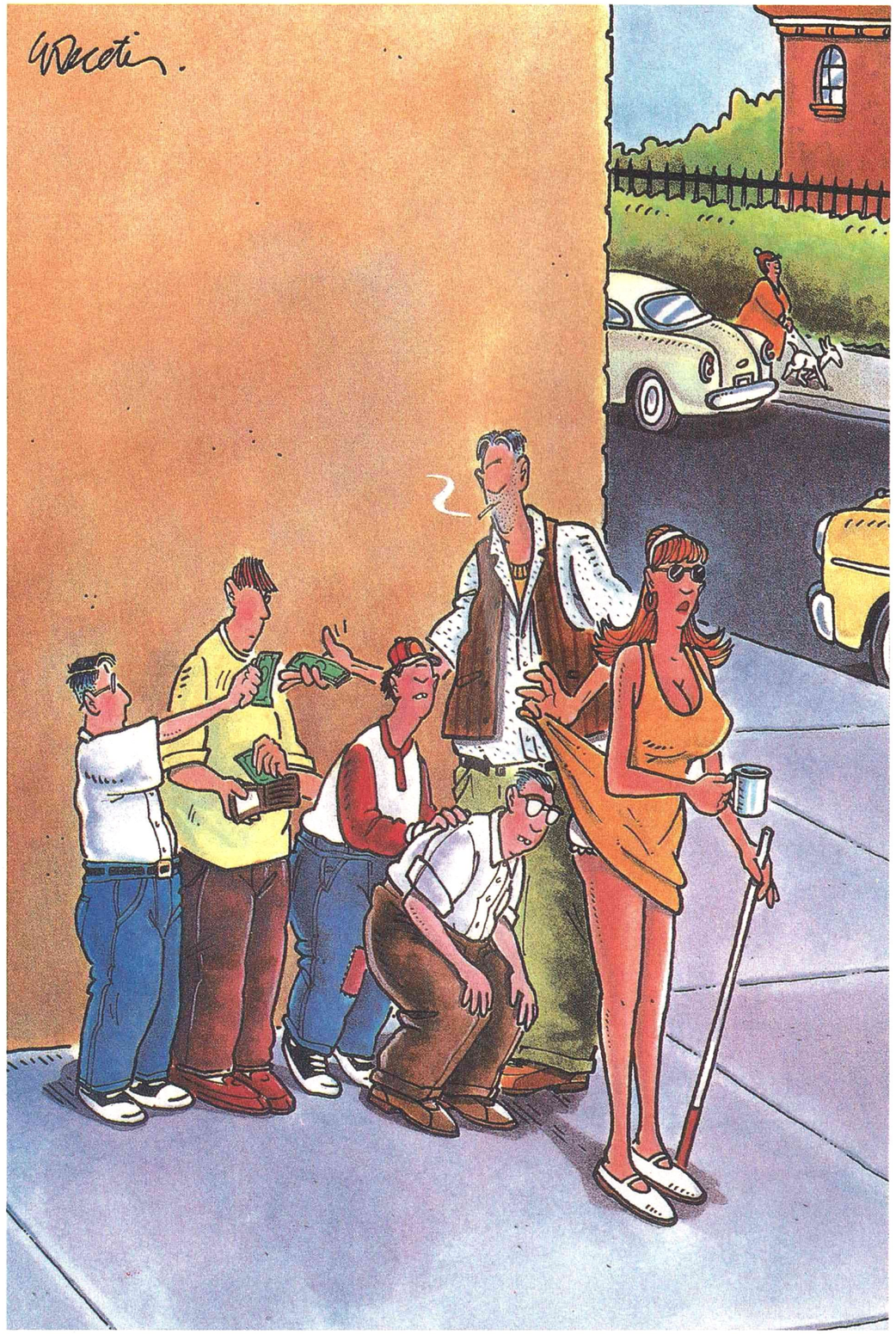
A month ago, a new family moved in down the street, and I decided to welcome my new neighbors and get acquainted with them. They had a very attractive daughter my age, named Kay, and it wasn't long before we were good friends.

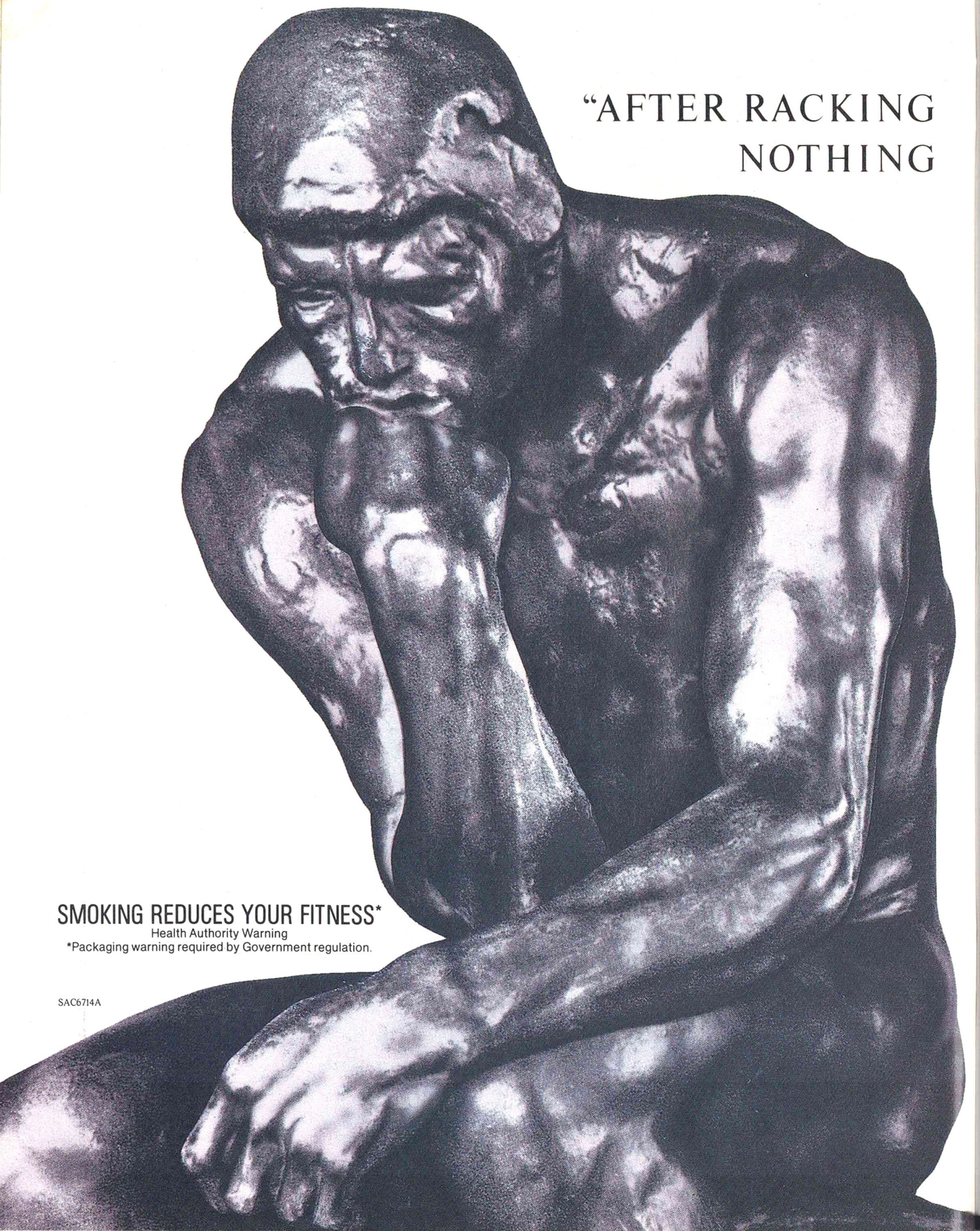
One day after Kay's family had settled in, I went over to her house to pick her up and go shopping. As I pulled into the driveway, I saw the most handsome guy imaginable playing basketball. He was my height with long, black, spiked hair and an incredible body — all the more evident because he wore only a pair of shorts. As I was standing mesmerised by his beauty, Kay came out, and I eagerly asked her who the hunk was. "My brother," she replied. "Isn't he cute?" I soon found out that Kay's parents had adopted Vin as a child.

"Do you like him?" Kay asked.

"He's hot!" I replied with a big smile.

We both walked up the driveway, and Kay introduced us. I looked Vin over from head to toe, and the sight of his sweat pouring down his body made my panties randy with excitement. I could tell that Vin was also impressed by my assets — accentuated by a white-cotton halter top and tight black jog-





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MY BRAINS ALL WEEK, THERE'S
MORE RELAXING THAN ROLLING A DRUM."

The best things in life are still made by hand.

ging shorts. Kay and I decided to shoot some baskets with Vin, and the three of us frolicked for a while. At one point, as I went in for a basket, Vin shocked me by accidentally grabbing my breast as I dribbled past him.

"I'm sorry," he said sheepishly.

"Foul!" Kay laughed. "I think we've all had enough," she added.

As Kay led me to the house, I stared longingly at Vin. I hoped that he could see how aroused I was by his touch — my nipples were so hard that they could be seen through the fabric of my top. Once inside we drank some iced tea, but it did not cool the lust I felt for Vin. Soon he came in, and we sat around talking for a long time, forgetting that I had come to go shopping with Kay. I flirted with Vin by deliberately sticking out my chest and curving my body towards him. When I caught him staring, I got embarrassed. I'm kind of awkward in these situations, and I hoped I wasn't fouling up.

Then Kay asked if I would like to watch a new video in her bedroom, and I thought that it sounded like fun. We headed upstairs, with me secretly hoping that Vin would follow, but he didn't. Since Kay was a really cool girl, I was not surprised when she turned to me during the movie and said, "So you like my brother?" "Oh, desperately," I replied. "It's okay," she said. "Lots of girls like him — but he's still a virgin. I think you two could have some fun together and make a nice couple. Why don't I go out for some ice cream and leave you and Vin to get better acquainted? I'll bring some back — you might need to cool off!"

I couldn't believe my luck! My friend was giving me the okay to do it with her brother, and I really liked this guy. I was nervous and turned on at the same time. After Kay left, I went down the hall to her brother's room. I slowly turned the door handle and peeked in. There was Vin, lying on his bed, moaning, and jerking himself off!

"Oops, I'm sorry," I apologised, blushing.

Vin looked at me like he'd seen a ghost. I laughed and said that it was a perfectly normal thing for him to be doing, and that it also turned me on. He replied that he had become so aroused by meeting me that he couldn't help but try to release his pent-up energy when he was alone. "Well, you're not alone any more," I said.

Vin asked me where his sister had gone. I told him that she went out for some ice cream and that she would be back later with his favorite flavor. "How could she do that when my favorite flavor is standing right in front of me?" he said with a smile.

"I want to make love with you," was my answer.

I looked straight into his brown eyes, and then got on top of him and hungrily kissed his lips and neck. He said that I was a dream come true. We were both a little awkward, but I got his pants off in record time. I licked and kissed my way down his beautiful torso until I came to his wonderful cock. He wasn't as big as some other guys I have touched, but it didn't matter. There was something more than animal lust between us already. As I began to suck his swollen member, Vin begged me to stop, saying that he would come if I didn't. I guessed that he wanted to really enjoy his first time. Vin took off my top and gently removed my bra. Like a child with a new toy, he felt my ample tits. At that moment I felt that I was in love with him. He got on top of me and caressed my body with a slow and steady hand, until I was totally hot.

"Pull my panties down!" I begged.

Vin obliged, telling me that he was in heaven. I asked him to rub his prick against my horny pussy. As his hot penis touched my body, I trembled with delight. Moving lower, he kissed my cunt lips and blew on my hair. I cooed like a baby as Vin gently bit my cunt and then inserted his fingers and his tongue. As a wave of shuddering pleasure enveloped me, I knew that I was about to come. "Eat me!" I hollered, and Vin cupped his hands under my arse and licked and sucked my pussy and clit like a starving man. My orgasm made me lose my breath for a few moments, and Vin, being the gentleman, waited for me to relax. I wanted that baby beamer in me so bad, but Vin knew that it was my first time also, and he was determined to make it as smooth as possible.

Vin put a pillow under my arse and tried to insert his hard member. Though I was very wet, I was still too tight. Vin was scared that he might hurt me, but I was incredibly turned on and waited lustfully for his rock-hard tool. Positioning himself, Vin drove into my eager love nest. His cock felt so good and so big inside me. Soon he had me to the hilt, and my muscles tightened around his pole. "Oh, yes!" I gasped. "Oh, baby. Pump me, stud!"

Vin was groaning and that turned me on even more. It was also funny, even though this was a serious thing, because we were having such a good time. Finally, his penis erupted inside of me, and then I came again, too.

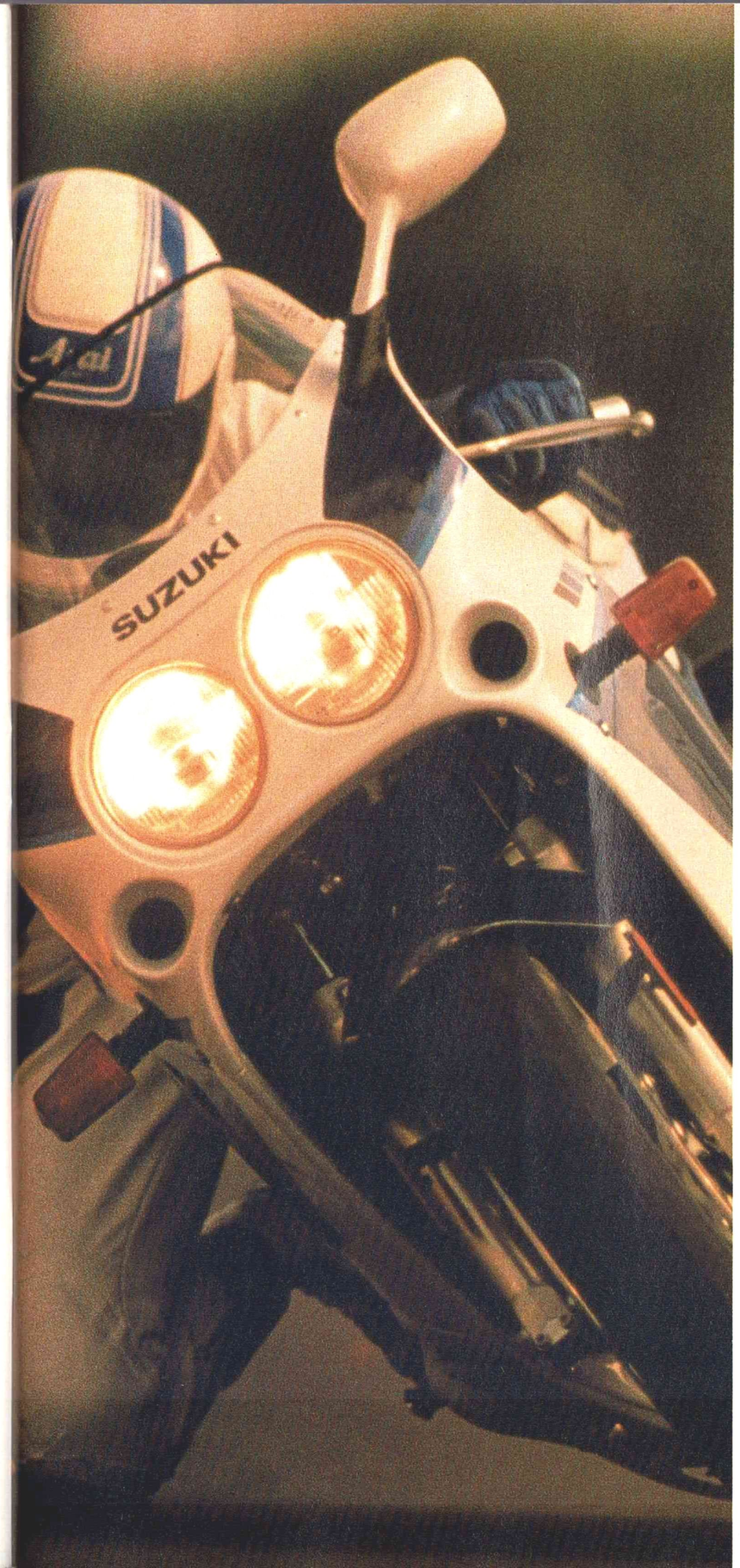
After our panting had finally quieted, we both drifted off to sleep, so satisfied that we didn't need any ice cream. — *Name and address withheld*

"It's very difficult to be consistently funny and consistently careful."

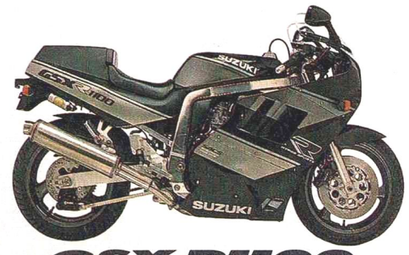
Condom queen

The weekend started with a long, boring five-hour drive to Sydney. Several of my mates and I were going to play rugby for our local team. A lot of people were going to be there, being that this comp is the biggest in the country, attracting dozens of teams.

My drink-till-you-drop male-bonding weekend was about to become a sexfest, thanks to a young unofficial ambassador of lust. I was sharing a hotel room with my best friend who, incidentally, came for the partying and the excitement, despite having a broken arm and a steady girl. At our hotel,



"10"



GSX-R1100

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FORUM

we happened upon several sweet young things from Victoria. After chatting for a while, it was obvious that the hottest girl was interested in sex — and it didn't seem to matter with who.

Well, being the good friend that I am, I gladly took this hot little number off my buddy's hands while he went to call his girlfriend. We talked for a while, until her friends and mine were ready to go out.

A night of partying went by, and all was going well with my partner, who by now was rubbing my crotch with her fingers every chance she got. When the rest of our friends went back to the hotel, we went for a walk by the water. It was about five in the morning, but still dark, and we stopped near the dock on the water. As I reached the railing at the dock's end, I turned around and she walked right into my arms. We began kissing passionately right from the start, with her mashing her lips into mine, trying to get her tongue all the way down my throat. Even though I had been expecting this all night, I hadn't dreamed she would be this hot.

We continued to go for it, with her sucking on the skin of my neck and slobbering wet kisses all over my face. She pulled my shirt out of my pants and put it over my head, leaving my chest bare. Continuing her wet kisses on my throat, moving down past my collarbone and my chest, she then laid big, wet kisses on each of my nipples, then slowly blew the moisture away with her breath. It was incredible. As her kisses trailed down my stomach, I reached down to her waist, gently pulled her top over her head, and removed her bra, trying not to interrupt her descent to my aching cock.

Finally she moved on to her knees and undid the string that held up my rugby shorts. As she lowered my shorts and underwear to the ground, though, she looked up into my eyes and said that although we could fool around all I wanted, there would be absolutely no intercourse.

Somewhat disappointed but nonetheless enjoying her ministrations, I moved back and sat down on a nearby lounge chair to enjoy my blowjob. She came over to me, handed me the beer we had been sharing before all this started, and got back to business. She again fell to her knees and bent down to kiss the tops of my feet and my ankles. She then moved up to the back of my knees, licking all the way. Her wet kisses trailed up my inner thighs until I felt her tongue on my balls. I quickly took a hit from my beer and looked down as she started licking along the side of my dick. She licked until it stood straight up, and then she took the beer from my hand, took a little swig, and poured some on my pole and into my pubic hair. The cold liquid surprised my dick, but when she started to suck the beer from my crotch and lick my dick with renewed fervor, the little fella was harder than ever before. After several minutes of her desperate sucking, I felt myself beginning to come. I pushed her head back, and she gave me this surprised look while I wrapped her hand around the base of my dick — I like to come inside a girl's mouth while she pumps my dick with her hand. I came with such intensity from what she was doing to me.

I kept kissing this hot babe for a while until I grew hard again. She was also excited to the max, and she hurriedly pulled me back down on the lounge chair and straddled me. I didn't know what the hell was going on.

"Get ready, because I'm gonna fuck the hell out of you," she said.

"But I thought —"

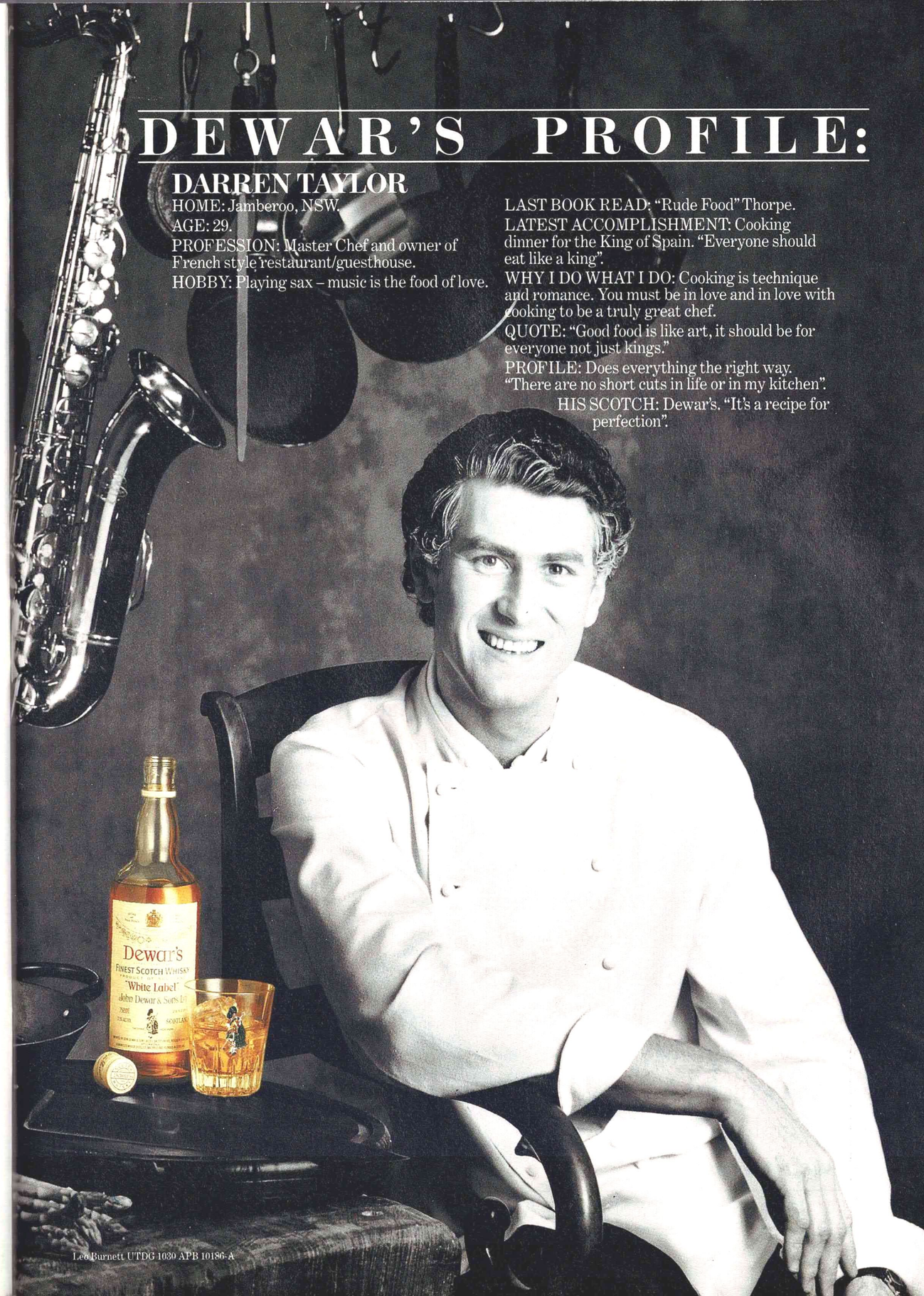
"Never mind," she smiled. Then she reached into her handbag, grasped the base of my dick, and, with practised experience, put a condom on me. I tilted her a bit and she shoved my cock into her steaming-hot pussy. Usually after coming once, I can last a long time, but the incredible lust on this babe's face and the manner in which she liked her sex had me ready to come in only moments.

As she disengaged herself from my cock, she fell off the chair on to the deck. I helped her up by her arm and pulled her face to my crotch. She looked up into my eyes, happy that I had finally realised what she was looking for. Removing the condom, she took my hot prick in her mouth. After a few minutes of that, I pulled her to her feet and turned her around to face the water. I obliged her by putting on another condom, and as she bent over the railing, I entered her once more. Just a few moments passed from when I plunged into her pussy till I came, with her tits bouncing back and forth and the sun rising over the lake. I played rugby all the next day. Our team lost, so I went back to the hotel to find my honey and her friends. She was there waiting for me with a twinkle in her eye and a new package of extra-strength condoms. What a lucky guy! — *Name and address withheld*

Tasty

I am an avid reader of your magazine, especially "Forum", but I must admit that I looked upon the letters as merely fantasy. Until recently my sex life had been quite sedate, to say the least. I only had sex with one girl whom I'd been dating for four years. I just didn't believe that one-night stands really happened.

I'm a student at a teachers' college. There was a wild party one Thursday night, and since I wasn't drunk, I decided to walk around the college to check and see if any major damage was done. When I got to the parking lot, there was a girl curled up in a ball in the flatbed of my roommate's truck. I woke her up gently, and by the smell of her realised that she was very drunk. She was no *Penthouse* Pet, by any means, but she was quite cute. Her name was Kim, and I later found out that she was a sprinter, which explained her tight, slender legs and her firm, athletic buttocks, which were ac-


DEWAR'S PROFILE:
DARREN TAYLOR
HOME: Jamberoo, NSW.
AGE: 29.
PROFESSION: Master Chef and owner of French style restaurant/guesthouse.
HOBBY: Playing sax – music is the food of love.
LAST BOOK READ: "Rude Food" Thorpe.
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Cooking dinner for the King of Spain. "Everyone should eat like a king".
WHY I DO WHAT I DO: Cooking is technique and romance. You must be in love and in love with cooking to be a truly great chef.
QUOTE: "Good food is like art, it should be for everyone not just kings."
PROFILE: Does everything the right way. "There are no short cuts in life or in my kitchen".
HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's. "It's a recipe for perfection".
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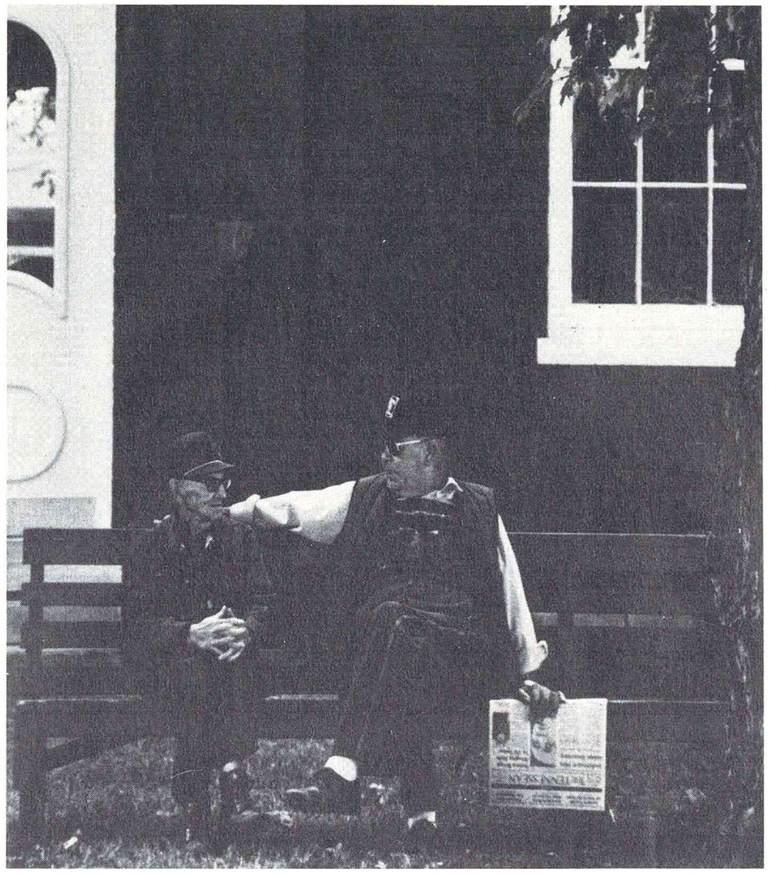
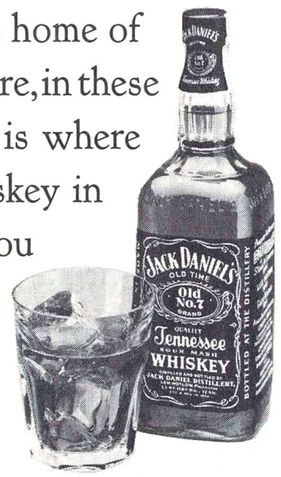


Visit our old-time distillery any time. We'd love to show you how we make Jack Daniel's Whiskey.

A GOOD PLACE to learn about Jack Daniel's Whiskey is on the courthouse bench in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

It's a subject our citizens are particularly fond of discussing. You see, this is the home of Jack Daniel's Distillery. And here, in these Tennessee hills and hollows, is where Mr. Jack started making whiskey in 1866. Our citizens will tell you how we've never changed his old-time methods. A sip, we believe, and you will know why we never will.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 10647-A SJD 6920R

centuated by the tight-fitting jeans she wore. Her nipples poked out from her cotton jumper like knobs on a stereo, obviously from being out in the cold so long. She was a first-year, I found out from talking to her, and lived in a dorm about a mile away from my house. Much to my dismay at the time, she asked me to walk her home. I could just imagine her getting hit by a car and my college getting slapped with a lawsuit or something, so I sluggishly obliged to escort her.

As we started to walk, she kept brushing her arm against my side. "It's cold," she moaned. Finally she put her arm around my waist and snuggled it inside my coat and under my shirt. Her skin was cold against my bare back, but it stimulated me. My pants began to bulge just as she put her hand in my front pocket. Her fingers caressed my thing teasingly, and my erection was digging into my thigh, making the walk more and more difficult. Occasionally her nails would rub against the length of my shaft through my pocket, making it impossible for me to ignore her any more.

We stopped at a street corner, and as I turned my head to look both ways, our lips met. We kissed passionately, our teeth lightly scraping. Her tongue danced on the roof of my mouth as I enveloped her in my long winter coat. She started to rub up and down against my already inflamed member, and as the first droplets of sperm began to stick to my underwear, I became startled at how close I was to ejaculating. I stopped her as we crossed the street, and she pulled me over to the side of the road, behind a tree. We fell to the grass, all of our clothes still on, gyrating against each other. The pressure of my hot crotch against hers was, obviously, too much for her to stand, so she grabbed my hand and thrust it down the front of her pants, undoing her own fly and button. As I began to undo my own pants, I stuck my middle finger into her sopping hole, massaging her clitoris with my thumb. She moaned and bit her bottom lip as I kissed her chin and ran my tongue up and down her throat. Her hips were gyrating in perfect sync with my hand.

It was then that I realised that we were in plain view of the street. Off to the side of us was a stairwell leading underground. Just as she exploded with a world-shattering orgasm, sopping my hand with love juice, I stood up and headed for the privacy of the stairwell. She followed without question.

The next thing I knew, we both had our pants around our ankles, and I sat down on the cold concrete stairs, my member purple, about to explode. She knelt before me and began to kiss my shaft all over, licking the moistness off of its end as if it were honey. She rubbed the head of my penis against her teeth and then took it all into her mouth while her nails tickled the underside of my tightened testicles. I was about to come, and I think she sensed this, because abruptly she turned around. As I stared at her arse, I noticed that she had the word *tasty* tattooed on her left cheek. She backed up toward me and sat on my lap. I used my hand to guide my penis into her love hole. We were both so well lubricated, I slid inside her with ease. She sat on my pole slowly, gasping as every inch entered her. Then she began to slowly move up and down on my shaft. I reached forward to cup her breasts from behind as she leaned back and rested motionless on my chest.

Then something happened which, to this day, I cannot explain. She began to gyrate and rock, like a woman possessed. "Treat me like a whore," she growled, grabbing my sides like a cowboy riding a horse. I put my fingers to her lips, and she began to suck them like licorice. She began to flex, every muscle in her body tight and tense, and she had another orgasm. It was too much for me. I exploded inside her, screaming out loud like never before. Without speaking, we cleaned up and dressed and I walked her to her door. My legs were weak and I was tired, so I asked if I could spend the night in her room. She obliged, and we made quiet love in the dark so as not to awaken her roommate.

I see Kim every once in a while on campus, and we occasionally share a few words. I think she is embarrassed about how animalistic we were that night, and I guess I can understand that. But at every open party we have, I'm always the first guy to offer to walk home a lady in distress. — *Name and address withheld*

One-time ecstasy

One evening, while visiting a local bar I frequent, I met up with two women who are also regulars there. Francine is a petite blonde with small but tantalising breasts and a cute little behind that looks good enough to sink your teeth into. Francine's sister Barbie is also a knockout, with melon-sized breasts, blonde, curly hair, and moves that won't quit.

On this particular night, Barbie was quite bombed, so Francine was about to drive her home. They asked me if I needed a ride. It was getting late and not much was happening, so I agreed to go along.

After dropping Barbie off, Francine said she wanted to go back to the bar and have another drink. She told me she was fighting with her boyfriend and was probably going to sleep in her car instead of going home and dealing with him. When we got to the bar, it was already past closing time. I had no choice but to tell her she could come to my place and sleep on my couch — after all, it was July and not the warmest of nights to have to sleep in a car.

When we got to my apartment, I offered her a drink, but she said she was already pretty tipsy and just wanted a blanket so she could lie down. I obliged her, went into my bedroom, and undressed. As I got into bed, Francine came in and asked if I could unzip her dress for her. Up until that point I was pretty relaxed and in control. I laid back down after she left my room and tried to just go to sleep and not think of that body of hers just lying naked in the next room. It wasn't working. Just then I heard footsteps and looked up. She was standing by the bed, holding her dress against her body, halfway hiding her nakedness. She said that my zebra-striped couch was making her dizzy and asked if she could lie with me for a while. I properly thanked God and granted her wish.

We talked a bit, and I held her in my arms and stroked her hair and belly. We both agreed that the dress, which she was still clinging on to, though just barely, was in the way, so she promptly hurled it to the floor.

We began kissing, probing each other's mouths with our tongues, rubbing our hands up and down our bodies. I reached down to massage her clitoris with one finger and inserted another into her wet love tunnel. At the same time she stroked the shaft and glans of my one-eyed python and lightly scratched the surface of my balls with her fingernails. Needless to say, I was in heaven. I started kissing my way down her torso to her breasts, on to her belly, until finally my tongue reached her warm pussy. She moaned and arched her back as I flicked her clit between my lips. I could tell she was letting loose when her nails dug into the back of my neck.

She screamed for me to fuck her right then and there. I climbed on to her and slowly slid my rod into her juicy hole. She reached around, grabbed my arse and furiously pulled me into her. We pounded against each other, sweat dripping off our bodies, the bed rocking against the wall, and when she was about to explode again, I shot into her — just as she let out a scream of ecstasy and pressed her nails into the flesh of my behind.

We stayed together on the bed for several minutes, lying there in a pile of sweat and love juices, just enjoying the moment.

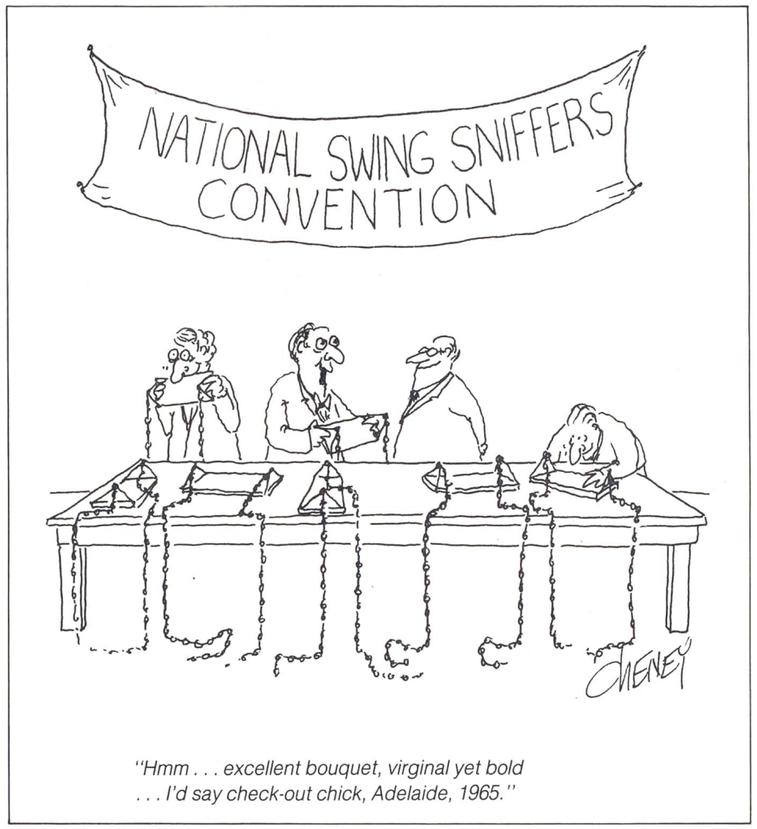
She left the next morning and, unfortunately, that was the only encounter we had because of her boyfriend. However, her sister Barbie is another story! — *Name and address withheld*

Company perks

I work for a large company and was fortunate enough to receive a promotion last year. Along with the promotion came relocation to the Gold Coast. My company took care of all the details, including selling my house, obtaining the movers, and hiring a relocation service to take care of all my needs. Little did I know how much they would eventually take care of.

I spoke several times with Zoe, the relocation manager, on the phone. Since her office was back at headquarters, there was no personal contact whatsoever. However, our first conversation lasted an hour and a half.

Continued on page 122



"Hmm . . . excellent bouquet, virginal yet bold . . . I'd say check-out chick, Adelaide, 1965."

"IT'S 9:46 PRECISELY."

"I KNOW."

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AVARICE

AN ECONOMY OF ERRORS

How yuppies destroyed The Australian Dream

Coming to grips with international economics is like watching *The Three Stooges.* Larry bumps Mo, who hits him. Curley protests so Mo hits him. Larry hits him too. Curley hits Larry. Mo gouges Curley's eyes. Curley kicks Larry, who hits Mo. And so on.

Paul Keating frees the $A, letting the market set its value. The people who want $As ask those who have them but want other currencies, and eventually a price is agreed upon.

This happens in the early Eighties, at a time of big spending: the Baby Boom has reached middle age and the middle class, and they're wealthy. And they don't just buy cars and liquor, they buy BMWs and imported champagne.

Result: imports begin to outstrip exports. Which means there's a lot of $As out in the world, piling up in foreign banks, waiting for some poor clown who needs them to buy Australian wool or iron ore.

At this stage the wool and ore buyers have enough $As so the value of the $A begins to fall. The banks get a bright idea as to how they can unload all these $As — lend 'em back to the stupid Aussies. And, sure enough, there is no shortage of stupid Aussies willing to borrow them.

Early on, we borrow in foreign currency to be repaid in foreign currency; the loan is converted overseas into $As out of the overseas reserves. However, this doesn't really take up much of the surplus of $As around the place and the dollar sinks to about US62c. The poor stiffs who borrowed, say, one million Swiss francs find they now owe two million Swiss francs.

By the mid-Eighties we'd learned that borrowing funny money had its risks, and the bankers were losing customers (to the bankruptcy practitioners). The smarter borrowers got straight into the $As piling up in the foreign banks by borrowing "Euros", that is, the Australian dollars in the accounts of foreign banks; these were to be paid back in $As, eliminating the exchange risk.

Other fancy devices, such as currency and interest rate swaps, multi-currency loans and zero rate bonds simply added to the ease with which it was possible for a colonial motel operator who wanted to put the sewer on could borrow a couple of million — dollars, zlotys, whatever.

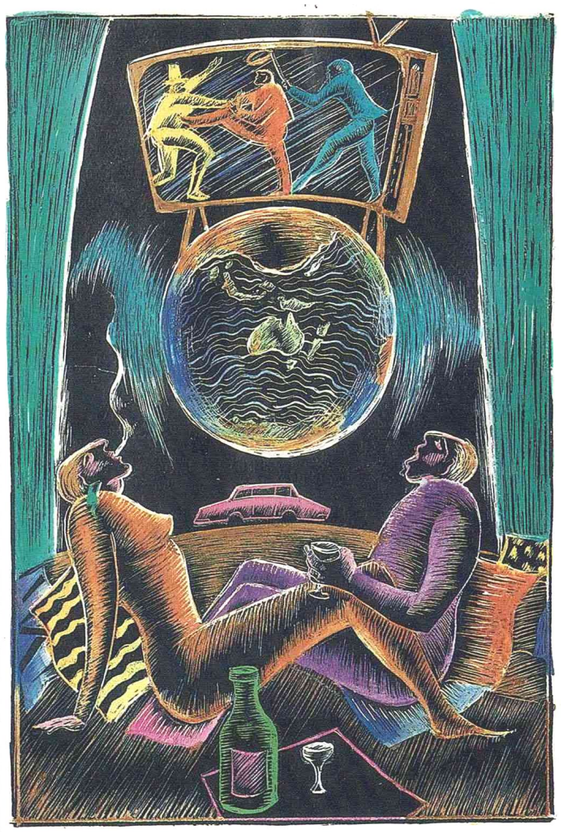

Illustration by Kerrie Leishman

And government was in there too. The feds, the states, the water boards and electricity commissions — even the shires — were in Europe and the US borrowing money. Our total overseas debt grew from $7 billion in June 1980 to over $110 billion by June 1989. Well done Australia.

With all this money flowing in, no wonder the cowboys from the West were able to build opulent houses of cards, no wonder the Alan Bonds and Chris Skases could conjure empires from tiny net worths; and no wonder the yuppies could keep importing BMWs and champagne. And no wonder our balance of payments went out to buggery. Keating has been trying for a few years to turn the balance of payments around and get the debt burden into decrease mode. But it's not happening.

One of the main ideas of floating the flaming dollar in the first place was to make Australian industry more efficient by removing false (currency) protections; Australian exporters were to compete on the quality of their products, not on an exchange-rate-fiddled price.

A big boost to exporters is a cheap currency. When the $A is down, foreigners can afford to buy more for the same cost, in their currency — or buy the same amount for less. Exporters want the $A to come down — and so, I believe sometimes, does Mr Keating. But it won't.

We're back with Mo, Larry and Curley.

We can reduce the trade deficit by importing less and exporting more; we can do that by letting the value of the $A fall. But we've also got to put a brake on spending by having high interest rates. High interest

rates attract foreign lenders. Foreign lenders chase the $A, bidding it up, not down. We ease off on interest rates, the foreign lenders might ease a bit, but the yuppies and businessmen bounce back into buying BMWs and Japanese computer parts again and out go the balance of payments. Down goes the dollar, and then all the poor blighters who have loans to repay in foreign currencies find they have even more to repay than they thought, and they go broke or try to borrow more, which only increases their chances of going broke. And Mo pokes his fingers in their eyes. And because now there are lots of people looking for loans in Australia the interest rates start going up, thanks to the lower dollar. Larry throws a pie at the exporters who aren't getting as much as they used to because they thought they were smart and wrote their coal contracts in $US; and John Hewson puts his hand on his head and waggles his fingers going "Woop-woop-woop"; and interest rates come down so people buy houses, but insist on Italian kitchens. And Andrew Peacock pushes everyone out of the way and the car drives off the cliff . . . Th-th-th-th-that's all folks! — *David Quicksilver*

VANITY

HAUTE COUTURE AUSTRALIAN-STYLE

Russ Hinze has got The Look

We hear an awful lot about the European influence on Australian fashion. Apparently, we should be able to look at some bloke's shirt and think "Milan!" Or "Paris!"

Menswear manufacturers know that they'll flog more of their garments by saying they were inspired by a "timeless European tradition" or similar rot. It's pretty easy for them to get "inspiration" — they just flick through a few copies of *L'Uomo Vogue* or *L'Homme Francais* that are hard to get and nick the ideas.

But author Robert Treborlang, who has practically made a profession out of being a sophisticated, worldly European gentleman, has an entirely different view on the matter.

"This is all rot," he exclaimed with several Gallic gestures. "What about the Australian influence on European fashion?

Illustration by Skye Rogers

There is a definitive Australian style or look which is correct here. Those shops in Toorak or Double Bay are always going broke because they cannot reflect this.

"In every country you need to follow the national style or you will feel out of place. Australia is no different and it shouldn't be dictated to by the rest of the world."

He points out that just as Australians living in Europe tend to adopt European style, Europeans here adopt the "unique look of Australia.

"Italians and Frenchmen will spend their last lira, their last franc, on a tailormade suit so that they can look really nice and have confidence. Then they come here and in a few years they will have assimilated into the fashion scene with such success that you can see them walking round in an ill-fitting suit with the buttons straining over their beer bellies.

"The style in which you wear this suit is important too. Even if the Australian man is in a very expensive suit, he should still look ill at ease and slightly *gauche* in it.

"As an example, take Keating — he has gone from Opposition Treasurer to whatever he is now. In the old days he used to wear the severe, simple single-breasted suits typical of the lower classes. Now he has gone to tailored *haute couture* styled suits. I look and I think it is Louis Ferraud. Yet he still looks as ill at ease as when he was wearing the $20 Suit City jobs . . . which is correct style for an Australian!"

Treborlang says you can get an expensive designer suit if you want, but you must make sure something is always a little bit wrong — like the buttons are too tight on the double-breasted suit. "You can get it altered to produce that very desirable fatal flaw," he advises.

"Two of the greatest examples of Australian fashion are Russ Hinze and Barry Unsworth. They have the knack of taking any suit and making it look ill-fitting. If people — Europeans or not — want to make it big in Australia this is the look they must aspire to.

"The man who is dressed perfectly here is probably a homosexual or a pimp, and you must be careful that people shouldn't think that of you.

"You must have the courage of your convictions . . . Have an expensive suit, but still have the guts to wear a polyester tie."

Robert feels that no matter what they do in Europe, thongs and sunglasses will always be the ultimate Australian fashion accessories.

"Australian sunglasses should look like they've been covered with sand on the beach for years. Some of the sunglasses Australian men wear make you want to give them 20 cents because you think they

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suffer from some sort of handicap.''

Europeans trying to impose their idea of style on the Australian bloke must realise basic cultural differences.

According to Treborlang, the Aussie boy finds trousers that fit in the middle of the waist very effeminate. ''You find the French have trousers actually tapered into the middle of the waist. Here that is most certainly *not* The Look — they are worn neatly either below the waist or under the belly.

However, European fashion is reflected, if through a distorted lens, in some Aussie apparel. Treborlang observes, ''Platform thongs are big this season! This [trend] had been very big on the beaches at Cannes — about fifteen years ago. And this look seems to have penetrated into the innermost areas of Australia.

''Australian men also seem to have adopted the European fashion of the ponytail with alacrity, but with a special adaptation . . . In Europe it is worn mostly by the very young, or at least those with a lot of hair, but here it is worn a lot by those who are balding — as if they want to have you think the hair on their forehead simply slipped back into the ponytail.''

Treborlang believes there are two distinct looks in Australia — one for the under 25s and one for the over 25s. ''Before 25 is very difficult. Both sexes must wear the latest (at least two or three years old) European fashions. Men must maintain an all-year-round suntan and general air of uninhibited aggression. Women must brush their teeth four or five times a day, wear fashionable make-up and find a place to go out to every night.

''After 25 come the good times. This is the chance for the ladies to spend the entire season in Target tent frocks and Carmen heated rollers. For gentlemen it's an opportunity to let their stomachs hang over the top of their tight King Gee shorts and play with their Taiwanese thongs while reminiscing with friends.'' — *Jean Norman*

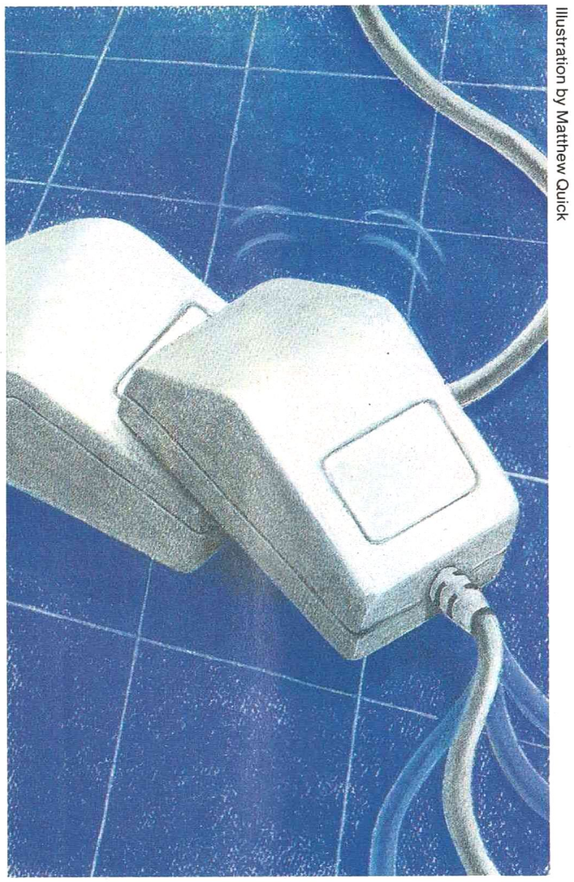


Illustration by Matthew Quick

LUST

WELCOME TO THE HOTEL EROTICA

Penthouse presents the user-friendliest software

Turn your computer on, push a button and log on to the biggest orgy of all time. It's party-time at the electronic *Penthouse*, and everyone wants to get user-friendly.

Day and night around Australia, computer singles are checking into the electronic *Penthouse* for some on-screen action. An electronic hotel is only one of the services that have been recently developed for carnally-inclined computer users, as part of a new *Penthouse* electronic publishing service.

All you need is a subscription to Discovery, Australia's leading electronic publishing service, a personal computer, some communications software and a modem to dial up the titillating technology on offer.

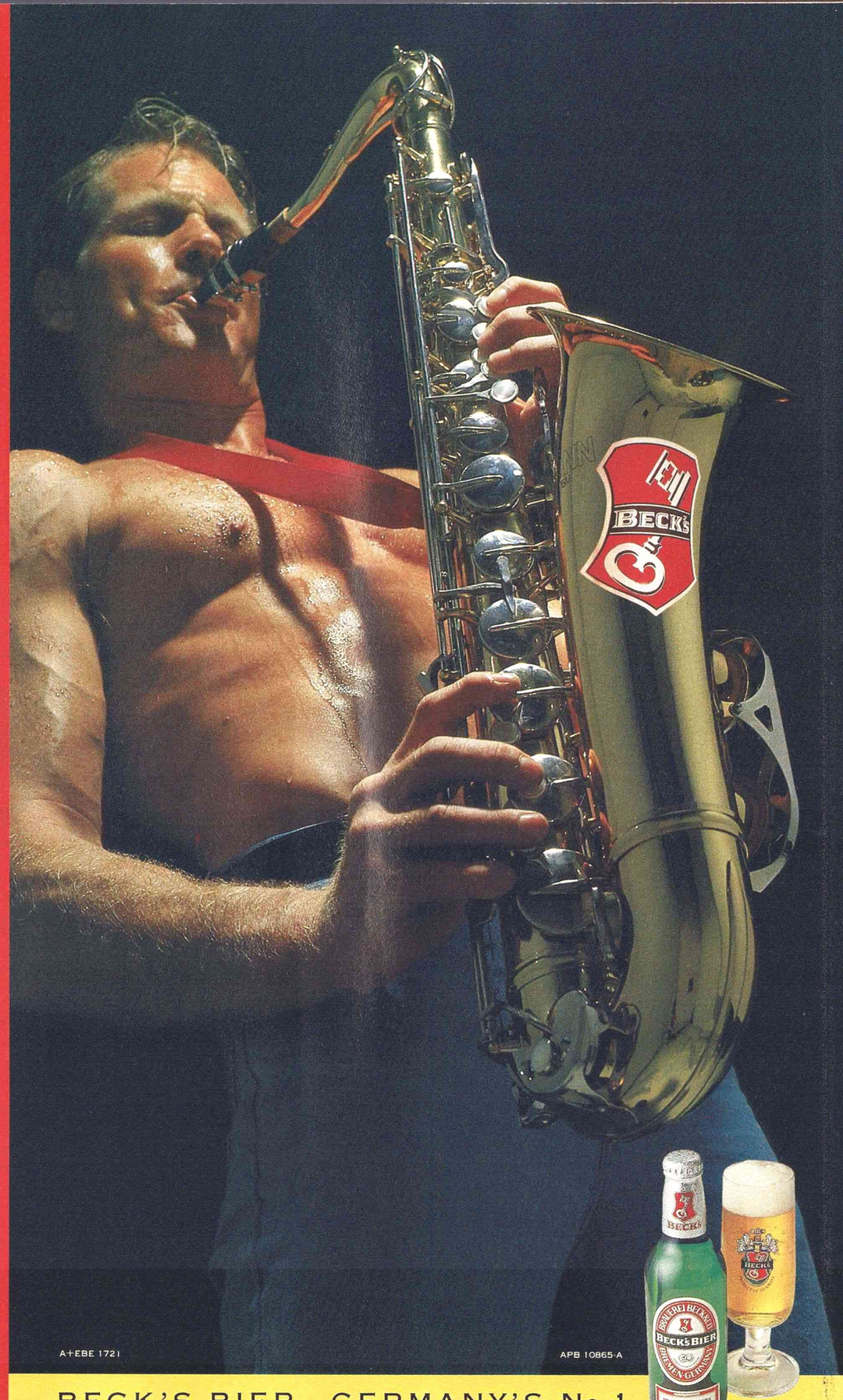
The joining fee for Discovery is $60 and the subscription fee is $15 a month thereafter, and you're charged a nominal fee for the amount of time you're on-line.

Now, how do you get to the party? First, you log into Discovery, request to be transferred to *Penthouse*, then key in a special password and you're ready for action. Once you've arrived, you choose an imaginary identity suitable to your mood. Some unsubtle moniker like Sam Schlong or Insatiable should indicate to others that you're not on-line just to pass the time. Then, if you want to sample the singles scene at the electronic hotel you click on Hotel Erotica; otherwise *Penthouse* offers a host of other seductive services. The hotel ''foyer'' is a meeting place for computer singles on the prowl. Once you've met up with a few like-minded lechers, depending on how frisky you're feeling, you can book a table in the restaurant or a private suite.

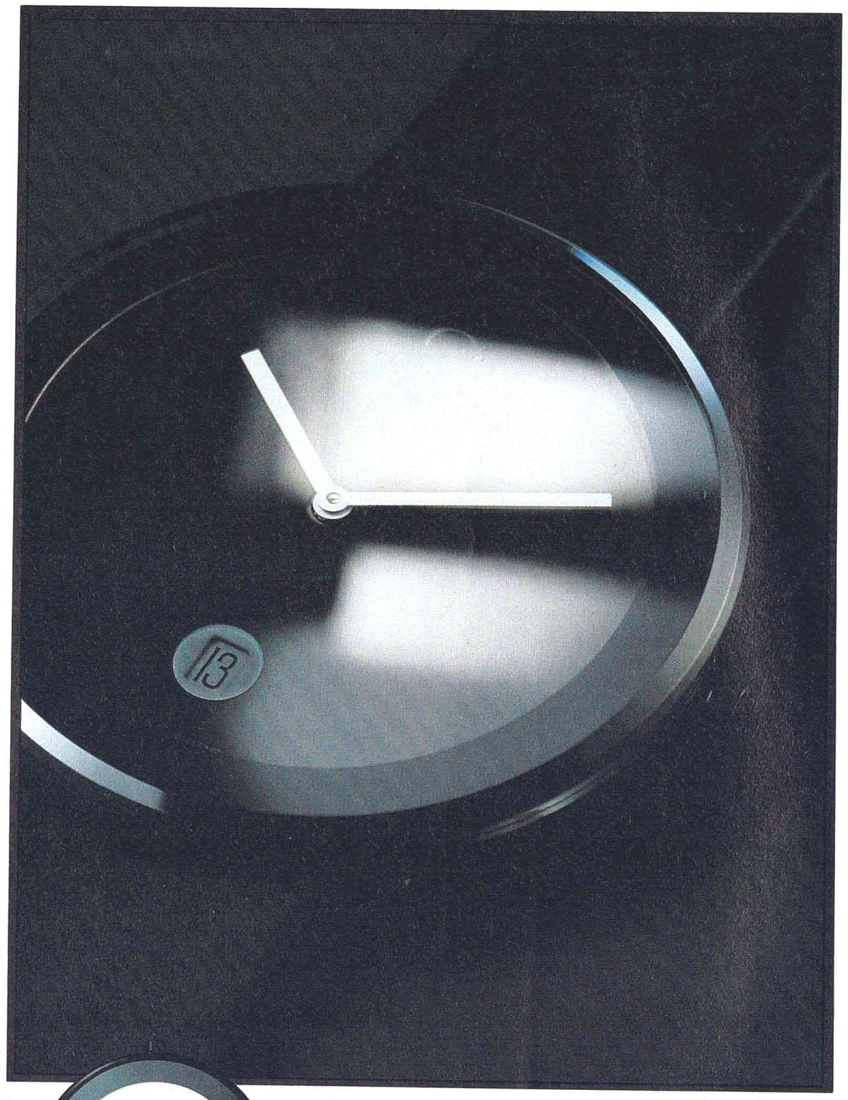
Discovery also features non-erotic electronic services — everything from business news and share prices to broking to mail-order electronic shopping. You can virtually do everything without leaving your keyboard — just let your fingers do the walking. If what you want is electronic excitement all you need to do is push a few buttons and you're in *Penthouse*.

Once in *Penthouse*, there's an erotic array to choose from. First and foremost, there's Forum. You can browse through the latest letters, or if you have a particular Forum preference you can key in a particular word or group of words

Tastefully Independent



OMEGA ART



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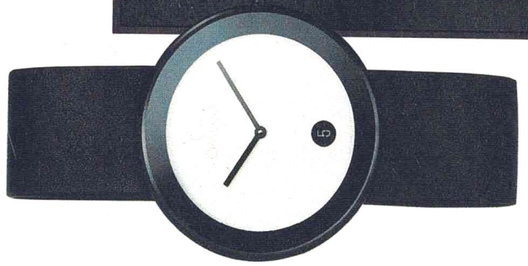
Richard Paul Lohse



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and a list of Forums containing those words will appear. If you want to relive a particularly stirring letter you can key in a headline, and ask the system to retrieve it. You can also write about your own erotic exploits and publish them on the system.

If you feel like being more interactive, *Penthouse* also features a bulletin board called Close Encounters, which allows you to send more amorous messages to others on the system. There will also be opportunities to have an electronic encounter with a *Penthouse* Pet, as some centrefold girls will make guest appearances on the system.

Penthouse also features an interactive game called Conquest in which you pose as a freelance photographer for a magazine and travel Australia in search of models. It's a competitive game in which you pit your wits against others in the quest to find the perfect Pet. To help assess these aspiring models you can ask for a resume, which is then directly faxed to you.

You can also read your sextrology, write in about your personal problems, advertise for a mate, buy sex accessories and basically live out your sex life on-screen. In this era of AIDS and strange sexual diseases this service has to be the ultimate in safe sex.

There are, of course, limitations on this type of keyboard sex-play. Firstly, you don't get to see your partners and a really hot orgy could give you RSI. On the other side of the coin, you don't have to wake up somewhere you don't want to be, or sneak out of any sticky situations. If you get tired of hardcore screen-sex, you only have to flick a button to go somewhere else.

All it takes is a strong imagination and a modicum of typing ability to fulfill your fantasies. You can be anyone and do anything that you're afraid or unable to do in real life. You can even choose your sex. You can have the bustline of Dolly Parton, the face of a Botticelli angel, the throat of Linda Lovelace, the sexual charisma of Tom Selleck, the equipment of John Holmes, the strength of Arnold Schwarzenegger . . . You can change your persona at the push of a button. It's the ultimate mind fuck. — *Amanda Nash*

GLUTTONY

THE RETURN OF REAL FOOD

Now it's dinner just like Grandma used to make

It's been a cloud on the horizon for five years at least — the return of old-fashioned food. The first rumblings came when *Vogue* magazine declared that Picasso-like arrangements on your plate were facing growing opposition from the Grandma Moses brigade. Then chic restaurants started to slip in puddings like lemon meringue pie, steamed ginger pudding and rhubarb crumble. Late last year, Anders Ousback opened the Taylor Square Restaurant in Sydney — no bookings, BYO, stripline decor and menu specials like liver and onions (no *fegato veneziana* bullshit), apple pie and roast lamb. You can't get in after 6.30.

The penny has dropped. Most people don't want to pay $250 for a dinner for four and then pick up four Big Macs on the way home. But the current retro-chic movement isn't just about the scientific experiment-sized portions we've been faced with over the past decade. That's old news. It's far more Freudian than that. In these inflationary high interest rate times, we want food that is associated with the simple things in life. Simpler times when things seemed more stable. Love, not just passing pleasure.

In San Francisco, there has been a recent upsurge of interest in the old family-style restaurants. Most are at least 30 years old, allergic to change and still serving the menus they did in the days before cholesterol was invented and serving it in quantities that overwhelm today's waist-watchers. The kind of places where a mountainous meal costs less than a bottle of peasant red, a welcome refuge for those burned out on blackened fish. Take the following example.

"I serve 100 pounds of tripe a week," boasts Dante Benedetti, trying to prove that a lot of his customers come to his restaurant, New Pisa, for authentic Italian food. Yeah, maybe,

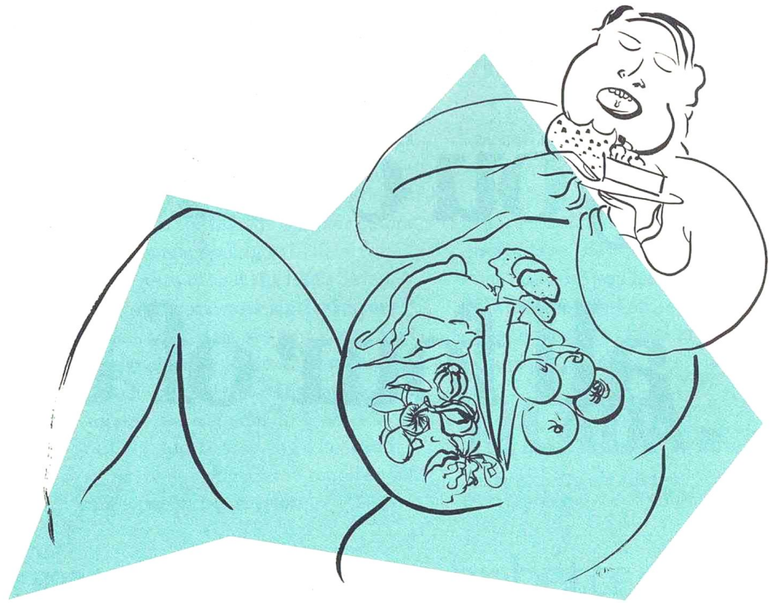

Illustration by Elizabeth Michelle

For around the price of one snob machine

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And one of these as change

From left: Niva Cabrio $16,490, Niva Constant 4 x 4 $14,290, Samara Deluxe $13,990, Samara $10,990 and above; Samara Volante $12,490. (All prices plus Statutory Charges and Dealer Delivery Costs.)

Of course we aren't suggesting you should buy them all, but then again why not? Lada Cabrio is the ultimate fun machine, stylish, sun loving, with the get up and go to take you just about anywhere with its constant 4 wheel drive that proved itself by winning class in the Wynns last year. It's priced around one third of the cost of a you know what. Of course they're so popular that you might have to wait a while for one.
Or if your fancy is for rugged individualism without the frills of the city slickers, there's always the Lada Niva Constant 4 x 4. Dare we say that this one came in first, second and third in class in the big one the year before. They're never going to believe you when you say that the Lada Samara shows its Porsche design influence but it's true. Here is a small car that is pure motoring value. If you want the stylish extras there's the new Samara Volante, with spoiler, mag wheels, radials, sports steering wheel and superb 4-speaker stereo sound or you might prefer the version we call the Samara Deluxe at a little bit more.
We repeat. You could buy the lot for the price of most snob machines nowadays, particularly since, to buy one qualifies you for a Family Fleet Owner Discount on any subsequent purchases. The choice is yours. See your Lada Dealer.

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but here, 100 pounds of tripe is only about 20 portions. This kitchen dishes up a dinner as if it were feeding a roomful of lumberjacks.

Benedetti is right about one thing. New Pisa, his family's restaurant for 70 years, is one of the few places in North Beach where you can still find such lusty Italian specialities as roast breast of lamb or tripe in tomato sauce. With its red and white checked tablecloths and no-nonsense service, the restaurant is almost a caricature of what an old Italian/American eatery should be. It is also, thanks to Benedetti's passion, a sort of baseball museum, with signed balls from all the greats on display. The place is permanently packed.

Back on home turf, the recent revival of yesterday's dishes is firmly in the hands of the new brigade of chefs. The challenge is that simple dishes require the greatest skills. As the great French chef, Jean Troisgros, once said to me during an interview: "If I want to know how good a chef is, I ask him to cook an omelette or a rare steak."

Greg Doyle at the East Side Bar and Grill in Sydney's Kings Cross makes a lemon meringue pie so light it's a miracle that it stays on the plate. The pastry is ephemerally short and light, the feeling intensely lemony and the meringue as puffy as a passing cumulus. This is 1000 times better than your mother could have made but all the memories are still there. That's the significance of the new boom: nursery food from a palace.

The Burdekin Dining Room, a slim galley dishing up some of Sydney's finest modern cuisine, serves a quince crumble in season that makes you wonder why people just let the fruit fall off the trees and rot. Admittedly, it's not a dish you order when you're in for a quick bite; there's a 25-minute wait on the order. Simple foods can't hang around like an old curry. If they're going to taste any good they have to be fresh.

You can't deny the fact that the "new" old-fashioned food is graciously served and presented.

The new old-fashioned movement is in the business of offering you heaven with familiarity. You don't have to worry about pronouncing roast pork with liver and sage, it's delicious, and you feel you've received value for money. — *Elisabeth King*

SLOTH

SWIMMING POOLS, MOVIE STARS

In Beverly Hills, every crowd has a silicone lining

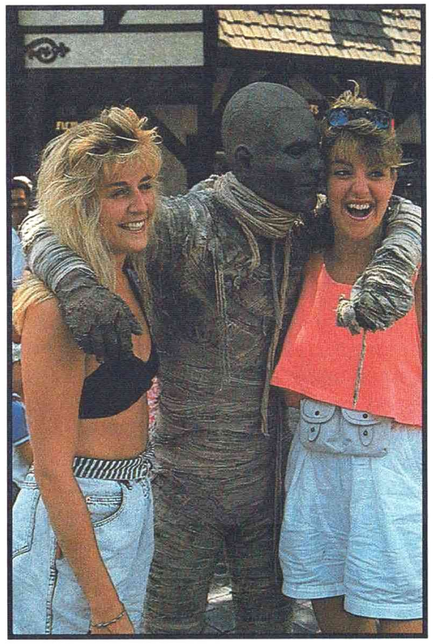
Staggering off the plane at LA airport at 9.30pm, we hailed a passing cab. "Beverly Hills" we murmured, trying to sound suitably arctic. In a rare burst of honesty, the cabbie told us that the ride would cost an arm and a leg. These pieces of extraneous anatomy turned out to be worth $45 and our man of the moment helpfully suggested that an airport shuttle would get us to dream city for half the price. Twenty-five minutes later we pulled up at our hotel, hoping we didn't look like consultants, the native patois for unemployed.

The Ma Maison hotel, just across from the Hard Rock Cafe, a short stroll to Cedars Of Lebanon Hospital and a tad further on from Chasen's restaurant, has staff to burn. A porter in the *hunk du jour* mould unloads your bags, three receptionists take your particulars, and within minutes you are whisked up to the tenth floor to luxuriate in a panoramic vision of the suburb whose pet hates are riff-raff and buildings over three storeys. I make a mental note to put just the right amount of spin on how I make my living. In Beverly Hills a phone-sex operator is a telemarketing representative, and don't call a gardener when you want a botanical engineer.

We cruise over to the newly christened Beverly Saint Moritz, a 50-unit structure specialising in apartment rentals to entertainers. Filled with actors, producers and writers, this all-white ghetto is owned by Louisa Moritz, one-time Cuban kewpie doll whose little girl screech has seared tape in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* and countless ga-ga blonde TV commercials. Moritz tools around town in Marvin Davis' old Rolls-Royce and is currently trying to find finance for a movie about toys that attack the world. "I'll play Lolita Legume, a wicked toy designer," she laughs. A typical Beverly Hills landlady.

"Hey," says the guy sitting next to us at the Hard Rock Cafe. "Did you hear that the Sultan of Brunei had such a hard time getting booked at his own Beverly Hills hotel that he bought two houses (with a total of eight bedrooms) next door to the Pink Lady for a mere ten mil. And just so they wouldn't clash, he painted them — yes — pink." It's an easy story to believe. We had to queue for one and a half hours just for the pleasure of being squeezed in among jailbait-aged girls, leering Lotharios and obvious out-of-towners like ourselves.

Town rumor has it that Peter Morton, owner of the Hard Rock Cafes in Beverly Hills, San



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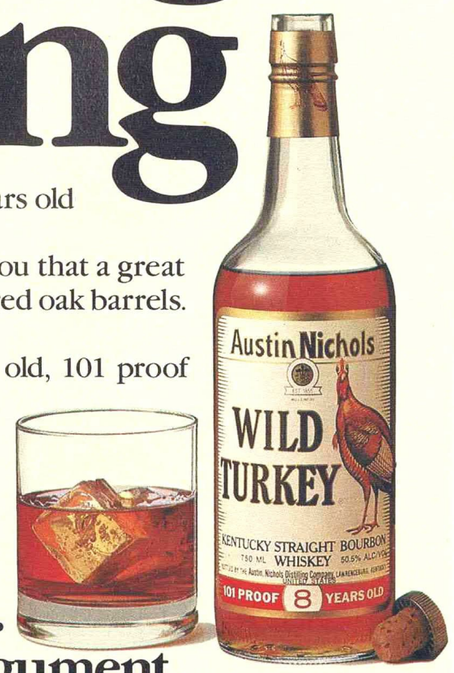

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Sins

Photo courtesy Terry Oscar

Ma Maison hotel on Beverly Boulevard . . . all hands on deck

Francisco, San Diego, Houston, New Orleans, Honolulu and Sydney, has a problem. He is making $10 million a year from his half ownership and needs to know where to put the money. A few Hockneys and the land under a new Hard Rock in Chicago have hardly made a dent on his bank account. He needs to buy other things. Suggestions welcome.

Not that the Hard Rock goldmine is Peter Morton's only source of income. Ten years ago, Morton's, the restaurant, opened its doors on the corner of Robertson and Melrose, and quickly became the unofficial dinner club for the shakers and bakers of the industry, the site of more deals sealed or unravelled, power plays perpetrated and dazzling contracts dangled than all the other places in LA combined.

It's the place, for instance, where in 1982, over grilled salmon and free-range chicken, Eddie Murphy was prodded by studio execs Michael Eisner and Jeffrey Katzenburg into signing his exclusive contract with Paramount. Eisner is now California's highest paid executive; his annual salary as the Chairman of Disney rounds out at a stratospheric $7,505,699. Producer Richard Zanuck's rollicking birthday parties at Morton's are infamous. If the police don't come, it's a failure. Equally legendary are Marvin Davis' meals, Laurence Tisch's tables and Pia Zadora's impromptu songs with daughter Kady and toy guitar. Jack Nicholson always eats at the bar, which is off-limits to any body without dining reservations.

Beverly Hills has worries most of us are blessedly free of. An art gallery called Beverly Hills Public Nuisance offers gifts for all those special people in your life — IRS man, ex-spouse, metermaid. Mannis Furs offers your mink that much-needed summer camp break — "Lots of roomy rest for the work-out of cleaning, glazing and lusterisation . . . Your furs will be mingling with the very best."

Cosmetic surgery come-ons are as common as soap powder commercials. Robert Cotler, MD, FACS, begs you to ask yourself the following questions: What kind of improvements are possible? What do I tell my friends? Is it really acceptable to change my nose? What will insurance cover? Unlike scores of others offering bum, stomach and thigh jobs, Dr Cotler limits his practice to the face and neck.

In the mood for walking? Watch out for strange looks here. Most Beverly Hills residents will automatically assume you are a bum, an axe murderer or a thief. The cure is *Universal Magazine's* three-hour Do-It-Yourself Walking Tour of Hollywood (818-842-9984), which they claim to be the best way to view 42 city attractions, including the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel (venue for the first Oscars), the Paramount Theatre, the Hollywood Theatre and the Legends Of Hollywood Murals. Tiring yourself out during the day is highly recommended in Beverly Hills; there's no night life because film people get up at 4am.

A visit to Universal Studios, about half an hour's drive away from downtown Beverly Hills, is mandatory. Set aside at least eight hours. Carted around in one of the box cars you'll skim through earthquakes, floods, Civil War fires, walks in outer space, sleight-of-hand movie techniques and the backlot that flips into Tombstone City, a dusty village in ancient Jerusalem or a sleazy red light district on the Shanghai waterfront at whim. Scream at King Kong and see where Burt Reynolds told a director to go make love to himself and survived career intact. The shows are first rate, but be prepared to fight with ten-year-olds to get a chance to guest star in *Star Trek*.

The term "born-to-shop" has bitten the dust in Beverly Hills in favor of "retail assessor", but the addiction is still incurable. The Beverly Hills Centre commands three floors each of shopping and parking on some of the most prime real estate in the world. The clientele browsing through the chi-chi shops and restaurants are a microcosm of broader LA life — in and out of work actors, old Russian Jews, Chicanos and tourists. Down on Rodeo Drive many of the shops open their doors only by appointment, and sightseers pressing their faces to windows for a glimpse of Cher, Jaclyn Smith or Jessica Lange are actively discouraged. But don't let this stop you.

Back on Wilshire Boulevard parade the classic bevy of beauties. Hair remains big in the Dallas style, and if legs don't go on forever at least they make you think of the theory of parallel lines never meeting. Chests attract attention not for the obvious reasons; usually you find yourself wondering if the passing set of fuller, more attractive breasts has had the help of the knife. On the ritzy boulevards of Beverly Hills, every crowd has a silicone lining.

Continental Airlines fly daily to Los Angeles with fares beginning at $1599 for a Max$aver return economy fare. For the same price, Continental Holidays offer a package of the return airfare, three nights accommodation in Anaheim and 14 days free car hire.— *Elisabeth King*

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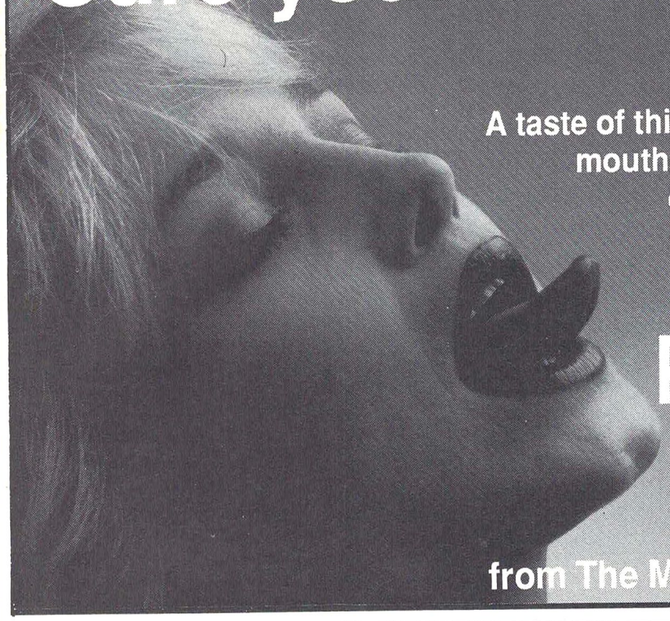

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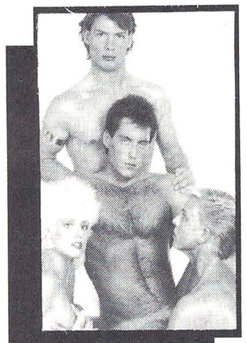

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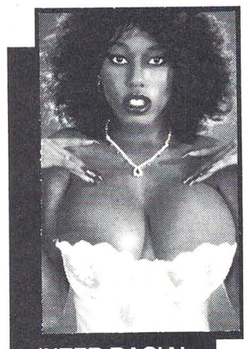

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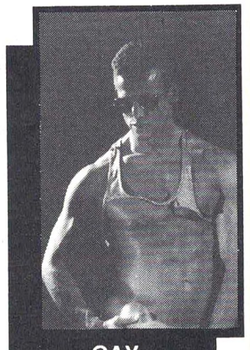

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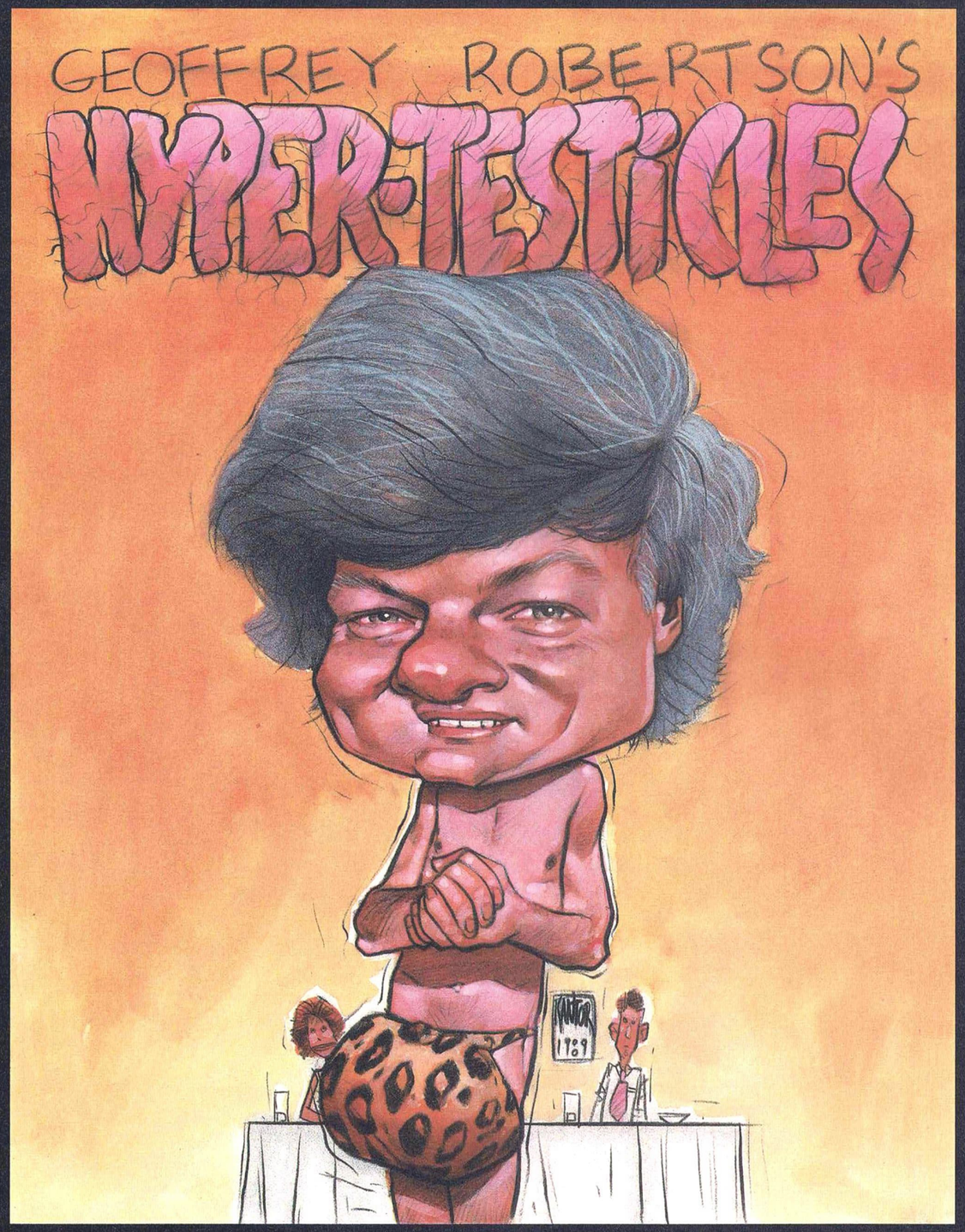
THE STREAKER

Marion Summers was only 16 when she streaked across a soccer field. Now 22, this fiery stunner of Spanish descent has lost none of her spark. "I like to shock people, shake them up. I've got a really mischievous streak in me," she laughs.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Marion's Latin temperament is like the San Francisco faultline — you never know when she will erupt. "I'm very emotional, passionate if you like. I like a fight, a challenge. I think, 'How boring' when I see couples that never argue. A heated argument always arouses me. Making up is always amorous."

This unpredictable beauty has already carved a niche for herself on the international modelling circuit, but for Marion there's always more. "I want to be an actress and singer. I love being in front of a camera. It gives me a chance to explore other parts of myself." We'd certainly like to see her from every angle.



KANTOR'S GALLERY

THE INVISIBLE GAG

Australia's libel laws have become a lucrative industry for a privileged few

BY ROBERT PULLAN

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

A man and a woman, both writers with previously published books under threat, meet supporters in a dark, crowded city bar. They've been invited to speak on the subject of censorship.

The man, a nervous bespectacled historian and satirical novelist, says he can say nothing about censorship. He provokes jerky laughter reading from his new satire about to be published in London.

The woman, a blonde political novelist, also says the censorship has sealed her lips. Instead of denouncing the gag, she reads from a novel in progress. Her fans, some of whom witnessed the arrest of a famed political novelist in that very bar, imbibe her unease with their lager.

These are not dissidents in Prague or Beijing. This is the Harold Park Hotel,

Robert Pullan is a journalist and expert on the subject of defamation. He is the author of the ground-breaking book *Guilty Secrets: Free Speech In Australia* (Sydney, 1984).

THE INVISIBLE GAG

Sydney, Australia, 1989. The writers are Ross Fitzgerald and Amanda Lohrey. Both have been told to shut up about censorship or run the risk of increasing the severity of the law. The gag, as it must be in Australia, is invisible.

The threats to both are from our laws of libel.

Dr Fitzgerald's history *Labor In Queensland* (written with Harold Thornton) was withdrawn from sale after a rigid Brisbane union official complained that his reported crack: "What rules will we break today?" at the start of a high-tension 1986 ALP meeting defamed him. The University of Queensland Press hired a student to delete the words in more than 1000 copies with a black felt pen.

Lohrey had her novel *The Reading Group* threatened with pulping because little-noticed Tasmanian ALP Senator Terry Aulich complained that a fictional Senator who put an unwelcome hand on a woman's knee at lunch resembled his chaste, virtuous self. That resemblance, his writ cried, made Aulich out to be "sexually obnoxious, guilty of sexual harassment and possibly sexual assault", and on top of that, "a hypocrite."

Here we have one of the great difficulties with libel: it's not what you actually say that gets you in trouble, it's the imputations a lawyer can wring from what you say.

The passage Aulich found wounding said this:

"He's caressing her knee with his fat thumb and she arches her neck and stiffens her thigh in resistance. He knows it, though he pretends not to notice."

Those words are unlawful?

So says Aulich's barrister Stuart Littlemore, a former journalist who presents *The Last Word* media commentary program on ABC television.

As well as requiring the book to be destroyed, Aulich demanded $50,000 damages and a written apology. As I write, rumor has it that Lohrey's publisher, James Fraser of Pan Books, has offered Aulich a settlement, but after 11 months of legal negotiations the matter is still unresolved.

Publishers can't recall a libel action against a novelist since the famous *Power Without Glory* case in 1951, when Frank Hardy used the novel to expose corruption in the Victorian ALP. (Hardy's shadow fell over the Harold Park reading: the local police arrested him as he read there, though not because of his words; it was for unpaid parking tickets.)

It's unusual for a male to complain of sexual innuendo: not since the gay pianist Liberace complained of a Fleet Street columnist describing him as "masculine, feminine or neuter — anything which he or she or it could want" has a male's sexual sensitivities led to a celebrated libel case. (Liberace won the case.)

Sexuality is one area where juries have allowed greater freedom in recent years. When Jim Cairns, Deputy Prime Minister in the Whitlam Government, and his attractive friend Junie Morosi sued the *National Times* for the inference that they were involved in a sexual relationship, the jury found, although they were told that both were married, that this was not defamatory.

Generally, though, the gag is tightening. When investigative reporter Ben Hills invited six defamation lawyers to canvass the dangers in a fictitious story to show readers of the *Sydney Morning Herald* how the law operates, one said describing a wealthy Japanese businessman as "mysterious" "could suggest some sinister or questionable activities." Another said describing a woman as "frumpish" was dangerous. A third suggested "casual recreational sex" implied something truly defamatory: sex different from the norm. When the words "frumpish", "mysterious" and "casual recreational sex" — the words, not the act—are on the verge of illegality, all writers and readers, *all of us*, are in trouble.

> Some legal scholars believe Sydney to be the defamation capital of the world

Authors and book publishers, as well as newspaper editors and reporters, are getting nervous in a current climate where a Sydney solicitor gets $600,000 essentially for the false and outrageous suggestion that he would sue an opposing solicitor for libel, where a restaurant review costs the *Sydney Morning Herald* $100,000, and where the Prime Minister uses the law against Sandra Nori, a member of his own party.

I have had three calls in the past month from authors worried that they might have libelled someone in their books. Allen & Unwin publisher Patrick Gallagher, at the launch of Sandra Harvey and Lindsay Simpson's book *Brothers In Arms*, said he hoped to establish a publisher's fighting fund to "ensure that we can respond aggressively to the mischievous attacks from vested interests on . . . our freedom of speech."

Every publisher's book contract requires the author to bear all costs and pay all damages if a writ arrives—a neurotic arrangement, since no authors could afford it and all publishers know this. When it comes to libel, the publishers' instincts are to cave in. Says Random Century publishing manager Mathew Kelly: "Publishers capitulate not because they're afraid of a $100,000 damages bill—they do it because they think: 'Oh my God, this will drag on and on and every letter will cost me $250.' It's at that level.

"But if the [fighting fund] meant we could force people to court instead of just making threats, it would be a buffer. It would make them put their money where their mouths are."

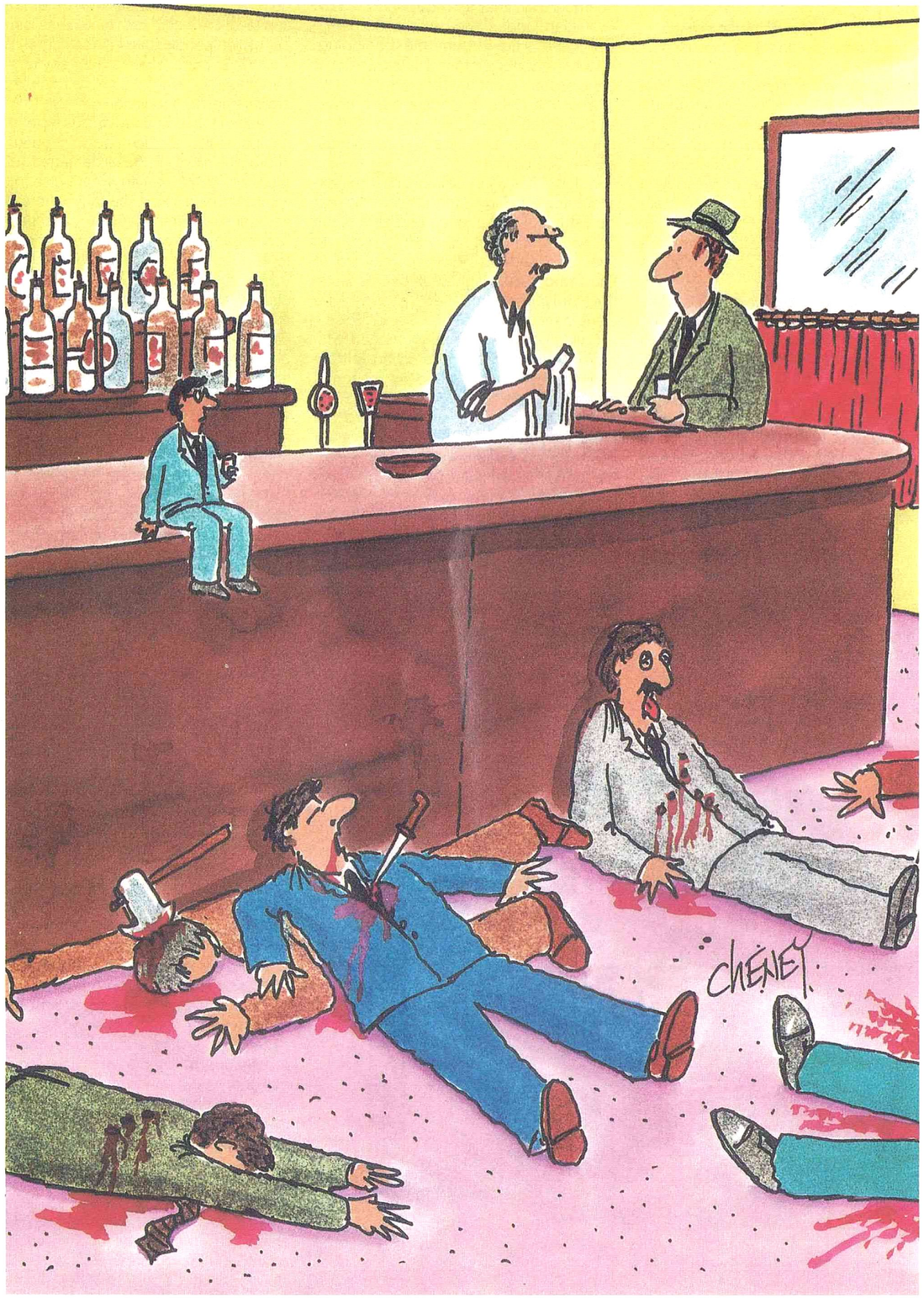
On June 15, 1978 the *Sydney Morning Herald* published a brief story under its television programs about an office building in Canberra "leaking like a sieve"—not in the public service jargon, but in the sense that it let in water. The building's architect, John Andrews, sued the *Herald*, the *Melbourne Herald* and the *Brisbane Telegraph*, all of which published the same report.

On what grounds? That the report imputed that John Andrews was professionally incompetent. Andrews was not named in the report, which did not mention the building's architect at all. The newspapers had not reported that Andrews was incompetent, did not believe that, and of course had no evidence to establish it.

Andrews, an international award-winner, persuaded a NSW jury to award him what was then a record $480,000 damages. (The amount was reduced on appeal.)

Bernie Teague, the *Herald And Weekly Times* libel adviser since 1968, believes "the personality of the plaintiff is far more important than the legal issues. A fellow like Bob Hawke will go over well with a jury. But if the story is about, say, an East European Jew, he is going to have a harder time convincing a jury than an all-Australian guy like Hawke or Andrews. I take that into account."

So the law is biased against religious and ethnic minorities, non-conformists, eccentrics and, of course, ordinary wage-earning Australians: if you haven't got $100,000 or so to spare for lawyers you can't even think about litigating for libel. A few years ago I looked at the libel file of the *Melbourne Herald*, starting in 1972; beginning with Bob Hawke and Gough Whitlam, it read like a *Who's Who* of the time, including the Governor of Pentridge Gaol, the band AC-DC, a top VFL umpire, two prominent QCs and the Victorian Chief Secretary. The last time I checked the NSW defamation list, Kerry Packer and the Bond Corporation were among those



"Whatever you do, don't say anything about his size."

THE INVISIBLE GAG

seeking compensation for the wounds of words.

The first of the three great myths of libel is that the law "balances" reputation against free speech. "The law of defamation," Mr Justice Hunt of the NSW Supreme Court says, "is expected to provide a proper balance between two strongly competing interests: the protection of the individual's right to exercise his freedom of speech and his fellow citizen's right to protection against attack upon his reputation."

All right, where is the "balance" in a law which censors speech but provides no protection at all for freedom of speech? No common law precedent, no section of any Defamation Act, no law of any kind in any state or territory defends the principle of free speech. This is balance? So long as judges find it culturally acceptable to speak of "balance" in a law which censors the words of novelists, playwrights, historians, biographers, even poets—ask Dorothy Hewett—judicial reform is out of the question. Making sense is too.

If we accept that this intellectual sleight-of-hand suggests even-handedness in the law, we are well on the way to accepting that it is proper for the law to control our tongues.

We can all see that defamation law is said to protect reputation—the Star Chamber said that as it devised the law. Australian judges and defamation barristers have said it from the beginning. Attorneys-General intone it like a mantra: it is the second great myth.

What the law's defenders say it does, and what it actually does, are as black to white. For example, here is the first Australian case of libel:

In July 1789, John Callaghan, a burglar, accurately told Governor Arthur Phillip that his sentence had expired and as a result he was entitled under Phillip's policy to two years' rations. Phillip demanded to know who told Callaghan. Under pressure, the burglar confessed it was the Lieutenant-Governor, Major Robert Ross.

Callaghan was promptly charged with having "devised and uttered an untruth and scandalous falsehood to the great prejudice of his honor Major Robert Ross and against the peace of our Lord the King."

After a conversation with Phillip, Ross, the principal witness, did not give evidence. Callaghan was duly convicted. The first Australian criminal libeller was sentenced to 600 lashes.

This began a tradition which was to have a long life in Australia: the tradition that government could say black was white and could use the lash and the prison cell to persuade any doubters.

Okay: does the law protect reputation?

Consider this: some legal scholars believe Sydney to be the defamation capital of the world, with more writs issued per million people than in Washington DC, which has more lawyers than any city on Earth, or Tel Aviv, which has the most argumentative population.

Each of these Sydney writs is a claim for compensation for damage to reputation. There are more of these damaged reputations in NSW than anywhere else in the world. Indeed, in a culture where the Federal Treasurer routinely calls people "scumbags", the idea that tender regard for reputation is a hallmark of being Australian is obviously eccentric. The defamation law has not taught us to be respectful of reputation. Its principal lesson has been that genuine anal retentives with plenty of money have an opportunity for revenge which is not available to ordinary citizens.

The right to freedom of speech is everyone's — yours and mine and our neighbors' and Tom Kenneally's and Amanda Lohrey's and the *Sydney Morning Herald's*; writers, journalists, newspapers, radio and television have exactly the same rights to free speech as ordinary citizens.

The right to reputation under this law is not everyone's—it is every fatcat's. Three years ago Bob Ansett, whose autobiography I co-authored, issued a writ against Bob Hawke, whose biography I wrote six years before that, contrary to the advice I offered in a book I published in between those two, *Guilty Secrets: Free Speech In Australia.*

I didn't think much of Ansett for this, particularly since he and I lost a colorful anecdote from our book to the laws of libel (so he knew full well those laws were iniquitous) and since Ansett, the greatest beneficiary of free publicity in the recent history of Australia, had spent 20 years in America and knew what the sunlight of constitutionally protected free speech was like.

But it's the Hawkes and Ansetts who use this law; a 1979 Australian Law Reform Commission survey of 25 years of libel in NSW and Victoria showed that only two percent of the suits were brought by Joe or Jill Average.

We are talking about protecting the reputations of people who have sought power, money or fame in the public arena, whose actions we the people have a right to know about because these people run things, pass laws, tax us, conscript us, hire us and sack us. These same people are pretty good at looking after themselves in debate.

Was Bob Hawke ever stopped from answering an unjust, wounding, libellous attack? When Andrew Peacock called Hawke "a little crook" in 1984, whom did that hurt? When Hawke was President of the Australian Council of Trade Unions and handy with a writ, did the money he extracted from various press barons really compensate him for his seriously damaged reputation?

If Hawke's reputation was so badly damaged, how did he become the most popular Prime Minister in the history of Australia shortly afterwards? This law relates to "reputation" the way massage parlors relate to "massage": commercially, fraudulently and incidentally. This does not in the least trouble the lawyers, whose underlying agenda is the same as that of the politicians and corporate big shots who hire them: money.

Libel is our most comprehensive form of censorship, much more far-reaching than D-notices or the Crimes Act or the national security barriers so spectacularly mocked and evaded in the *Spycatcher* case. Yet censorship, universally recognised (by people, not governments) as odious, must be invisible to survive. In Stalin's USSR, in Turkey, in Indonesia, in Australia, the principle is the same: the censor must be invisible, as Amanda Lohrey and Ross Fitzgerald showed at the Harold Park Hotel. As a result, much of the behavior induced by this censorship resembles that of the troubled families studied by the British psychiatrist R.D. Laing.

There are three rules in these families. *Rule 1:* There is nothing wrong here. *Rule 2:* Don't tell anyone. *Rule 3:* These rules don't exist.

I appeared with Professor Robert Hayes, one of the country's best libel scholars, on the *Mike Walsh Show* in 1984. We had been invited to discuss defamation a few days after Andrew Peacock had been kept off the show because Channel 9 feared that if Peacock repeated his assertion that Hawke was "a little crook" the network would get a writ.

After a few minutes' amiable discussion, Hayes remarked that the law of libel did not stop political issues being ventilated. Given that the law had just prevented such a ventilation, and Hayes and I were there specifically to discuss it, I thought his remark a classic illustration of the three rules.

I said: "Well Robert, I don't know how you can say that when the very reason we are here is because Andrew Peacock has said . . ." Mike Walsh rose to his feet, took me by the hand and ushered me out of camera range. Cut to commercial. *There's nothing wrong here. Don't tell anyone. These rules do not exist.*

Still, reformers have a difficult question to answer: how is it that a grossly iniquitous law to protect fatcats' reputations by gagging free speech is tolerated in one of the world's most egalitarian democracies?

I think there are two main reasons. First, the eye of the reformer is distracted by the immense human drama of libel. With a cast of the high and the mighty, defamation cases entertain us all with stories of revenge, of lust for power and money, of the obsessions of the psyche.

Judge Graham Fricke's book *Libels, Lampoons And Litigants* includes a cast of Jim Cairns and Junie Morosi, John Gorton, Kate Fitzpatrick, Hal Porter, Frank Hardy, Jack Lang, Darcy Dugan, Robert Menzies, Bert Evatt, Evonne Cawley, Michael McHugh and Madam Lash, in public theatre produced by the lions of the defamation bar and directed by cool-robed judges. We are all diverted by this theatre, even if the truth has only a bit-part.

The eye of the reformer can also be distracted by difficulty: if you can't split hairs with the skill of a Jesuit you get lost. Even the Australian Capital Territory's Justice Blackburn wailed in 1977: "I am far from confident that I have succeeded in finding my way through the labyrinthine complexities of the defamation law of [NSW]. It is an unpleasant feeling to know that one is lost. I am not sure that it is not equally unpleasant to be unsure whether one is lost or not." The microscopic pedantry of the whole show scares off most people who are not able to argue when a lawyer says the law does not have the effect they know it does have.

The third historic myth of libel is that a prominent person's private life has nothing to do with his (now frequently her) public life. "The mere fact that a man is a politician . . . is not of itself enough to make his private life a matter of public interest,"

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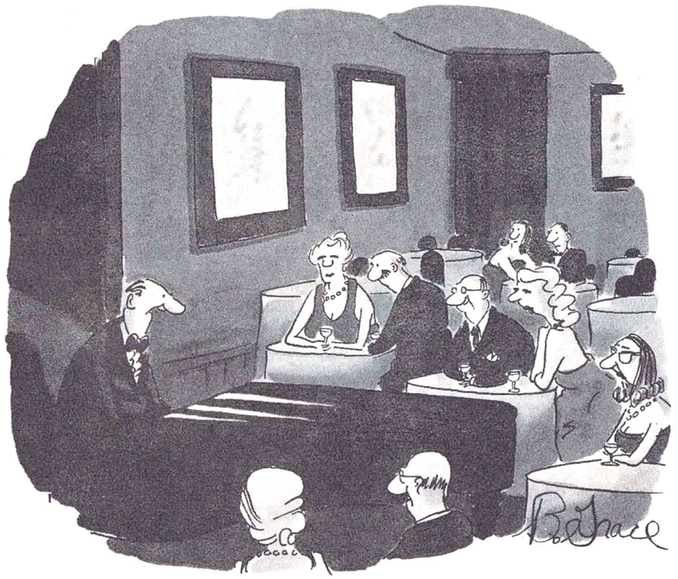
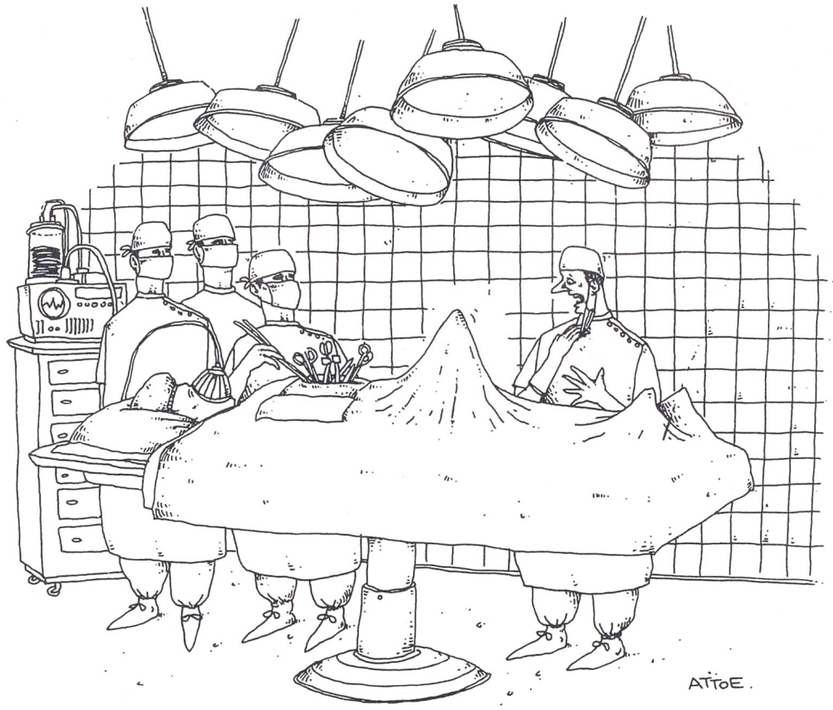


"Now here's a little song I wrote for Sinatra back in '66 but couldn't get past his bodyguards."



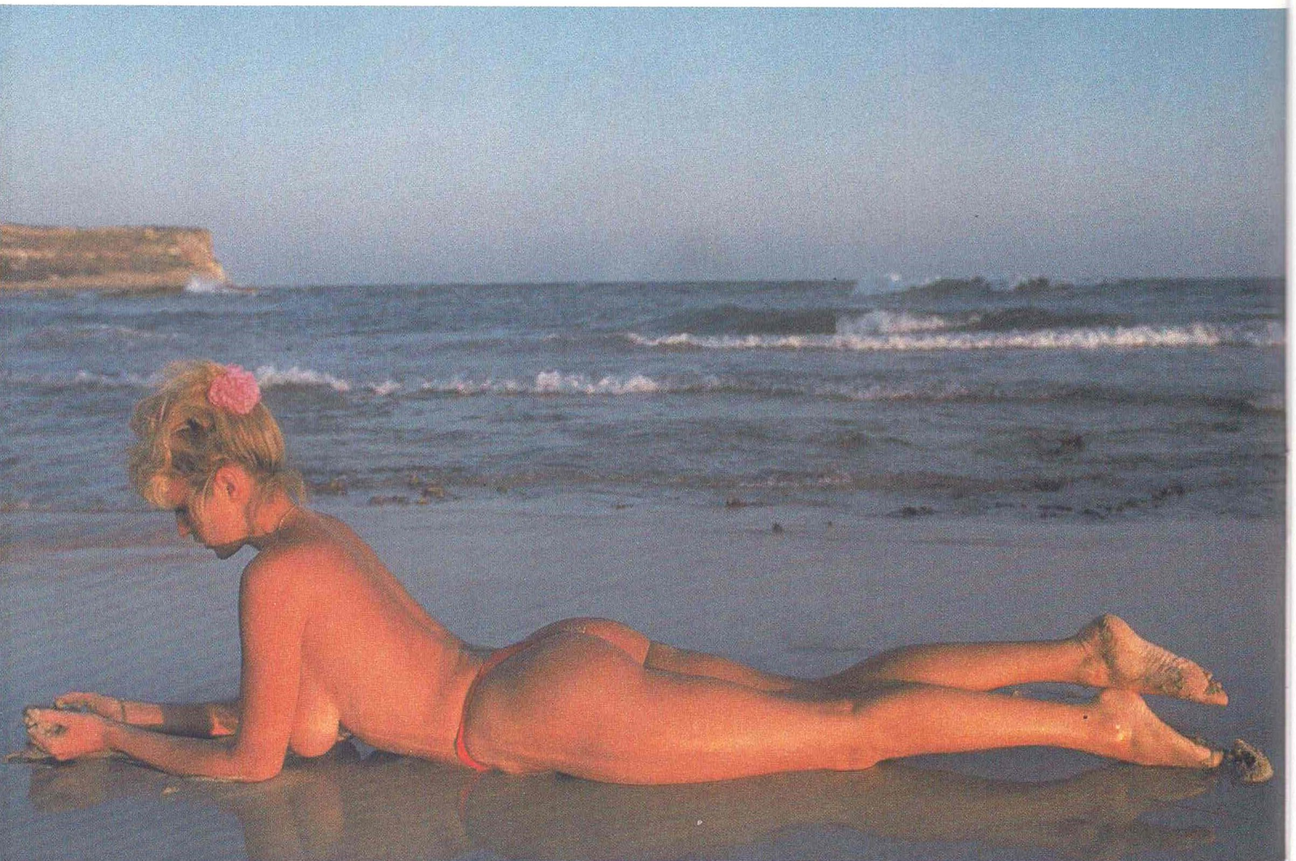
"We're getting complications."

The Good Life

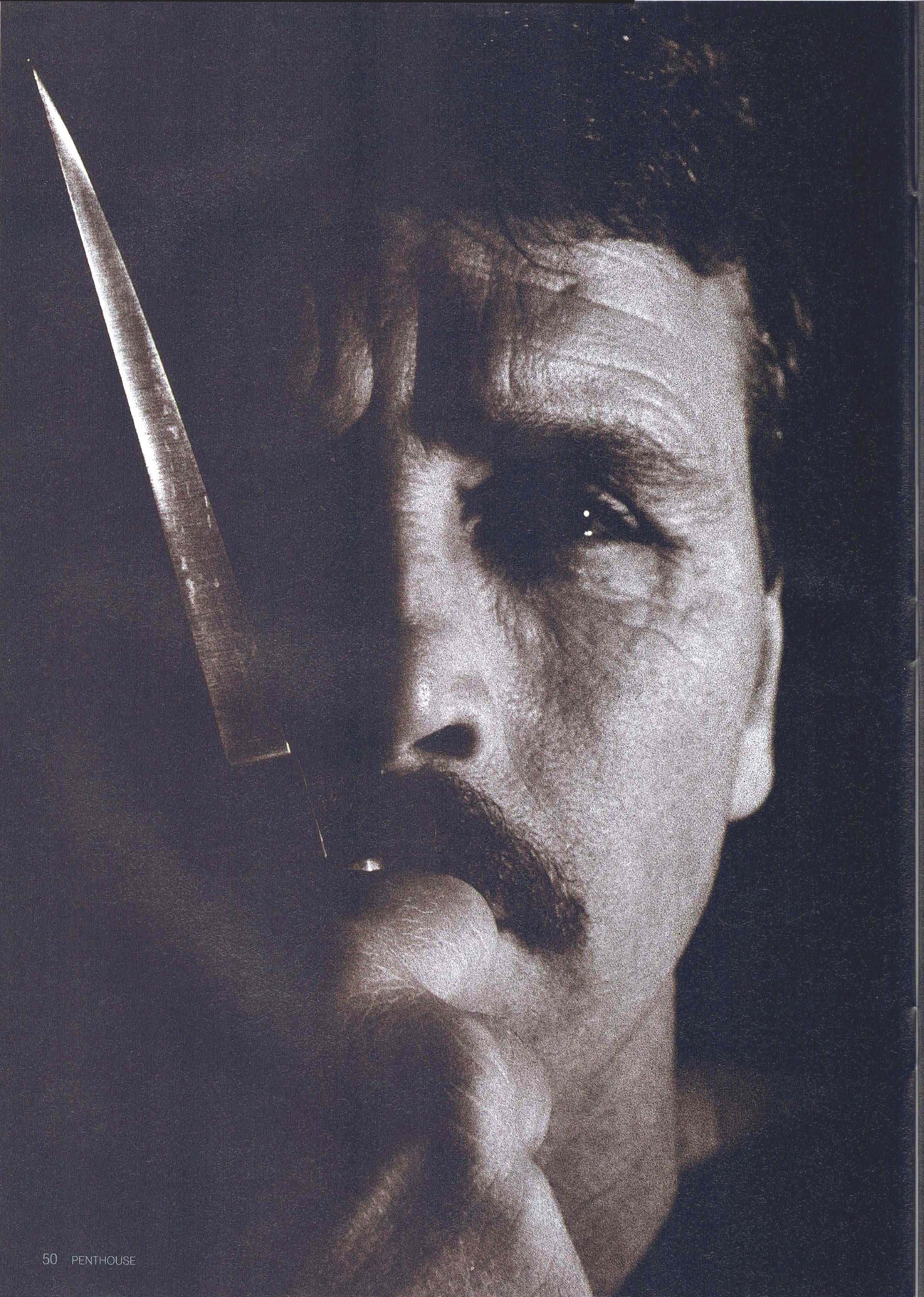
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

Laura Palmer creates heatwaves wherever she goes. Her ample beauty is enough to make a dead man sigh. Laura's luscious looks have put her in front in many situations. "My car had a flat tyre recently on a busy highway and after I got out, it was only five minutes and about six guys were fighting over changing it for me." We're sure it wasn't just their good Samaritan spirit, either.

"I love the beach and the pool, swimming and lazing around in the sun. I've often thought how great it would be to be a beach inspector — what an idyllic life, patrolling the waves." Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation from Laura would be an experience any man would nearly drown for.



Laura is a girl who enjoys the good things in life. "Wining and dining, dancing, yachting, drinking cocktails at noon . . . pure decadence. I like men who appreciate the fruits of life, who know how to unwind and let loose." Who couldn't let loose with such a ripe beauty?



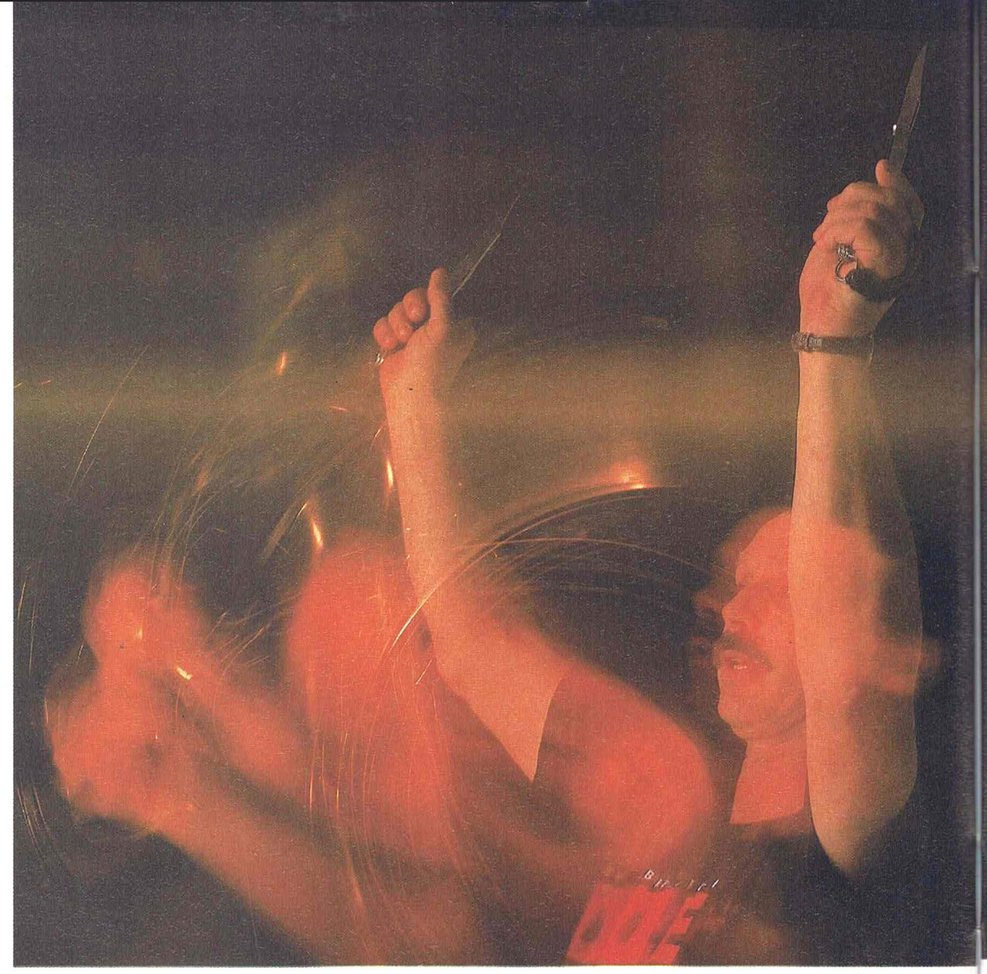
LETHAL WEAPON

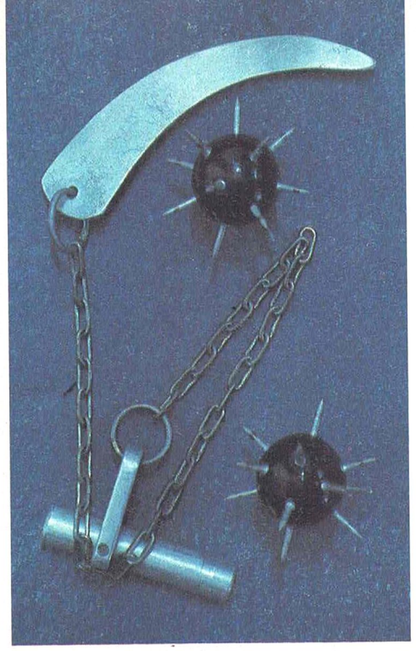
Brian Ellison's obsession with non- explosive weapons has turned him into a unique martial arts machine

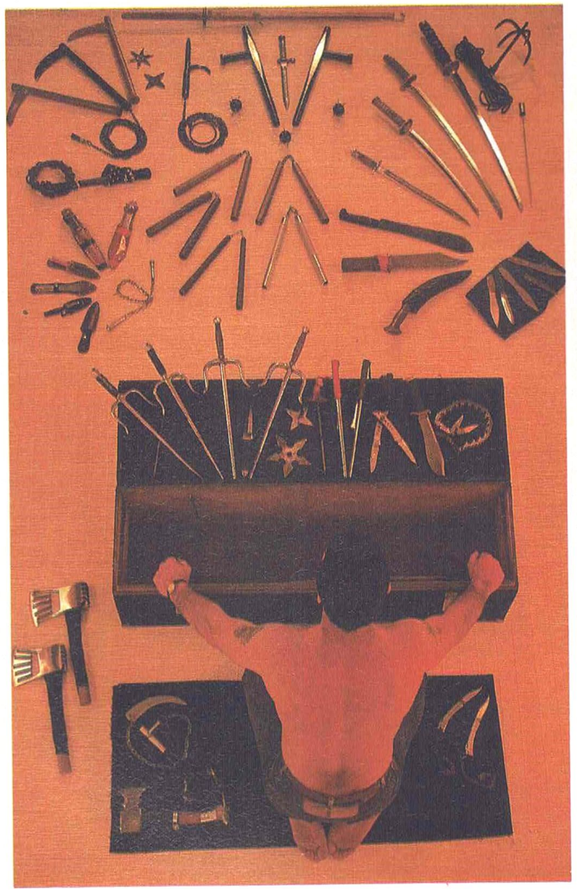
BY GREG HUNTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE MILES

Maybe Brian really just wanted to go for a walk through the seediest park in Kings Cross at 3am on a warm November night back in 1984. And maybe, in the back of his mind, he was looking for a chance to test his brand new toy under practical conditions. In any case, there he was shuffling through Fitzroy Gardens (perhaps disguising the distinctive gait of the superfit martial artist) when — *surprise, surprise* — three youths sprang from the shadows and announced their intention to beat the shit out of him and relieve him of his money. And what Brian Ellison did represented the culmination of a lifetime's obsession with dexterity, precision and excellence combined with an atavistic fondness for all types of non-explosive weaponry. He pulled from his pockets a weapon of his own invention, one far deadlier than the wooden *nunchaku* on which it is based; and he demonstrated his capabilities with this weapon for the benefit of his assailants. Within seconds, two of them had run for their lives while the third and foremost







Clockwise From Right: BAOKOS at the end of a flailing cycle, with the knives snapping back into the hands; two of Ellison's inventions used in The Punisher — "Sickle On Chain", a multi-purpose scything weapon which can sever a limb or protect the hand when punching, and spiked balls, a more spectacular development of star knives; the master and his collection of lethal weapons; the only existing set of Brian's Art Of Knives On String.

WEAPON

actually sank to his knees as Brian snarled: "Now I'm gonna cut your balls off."

There was of course no need for that. As the young punk whimpered, Ellison simply said: "Why don't you fuck off home?" Later that night, he wrote in his diary: "The only reason I record this incident is that I was so surprised at the way he reacted to the spinning knives and to my aggression; he seemed totally defeated at the sight of the knives spinning before his eyes . . ."

Crocodile Dundee be buggered. This was sheer *poetry.* What Brian had demonstrated was the original in a unique line of weaponry which he has collectively called BAOKOS, or "Brian's Art Of Knives On String." The original BAOKOS are two razorsharp penknives attached to leather straps, operated by the fingers and thumbs of both hands, having the same reach as the *nunchaku* and, when wielded by their inventor in a combination of circular movements, capable of delivering seven or eight slashes per second; with the knives travelling at more than 100 miles per hour, any slash connecting with the opponent can penetrate an estimated five centimetres, with bones presenting no obstacle. A truly formidable cutting weapon which, when operated at the front and back simultaneously, creates an impenetrable scything shroud around the body. Easily concealed in the front and back pockets, BAOKOS can render two cutting cycles, snap back into the hands and be returned to the pockets in the space of one second. *Surprise, surprise.*

The knives are only the beginning. Ellison is the world's only exponent of a complete range of deadly weaponry based on BAOKOS, including "Sickle On Chain", "Scorpion Chain" and the latest addition, "Axes On Chains" — all dazzlingly spectacular flailing instruments capable of severing limbs instantaneously — and the inventor of an array of equally nasty devices like spiked balls, arm knives and dart guns, all of which feature prominently in the recently released Dolph Lundgren vehicle *The Punisher,* a film in which Brian Ellison as stunt performer gets killed no less than 14 times.

Film has inevitably become Ellison's latest obsession. What he wants to do is transform a lifelong association with physical violence into a marketable art — not just as a stunt performer and fight choreographer (both of which he's exceptionally good at), but as the man to whom film producers turn when they want something really spectacular and original in the area of lethal weaponry. He wants to become the film industry's real-life *Lethal Weapon.* "I've had the background to do it," he says matter-of-factly. And no-one could argue with that.

So, what kind of a man are we dealing with here? This is a man who, by virtue of his volatile temperament and desire to push the limits of performance, admits to having been involved in hundreds of streetfights and no less than 33 car and motorbike accidents — real ones, not stunts — the combined legacy of which has been the fracturing of every major bone in his body from the skull to the big toe. This is a man who once removed the plaster from his leg three weeks after breaking it in order to compete in a full-contact karate tournament. This is a man who has ventured into the remote wilds of the Golden Triangle to challenge all comers at their own game, the Thai martial art of kickboxing. This is a man who, having mastered all the weapons associated with both Eastern and Western combative arts, has invented a totally new art, in the process accidentally inflicting horrendous wounds upon himself. This is a man who is deeply imbued with a black-and-white world view, who sees in all things a Right Way and a Wrong Way, and who in the single-minded pursuit of the Right Way *absolutely and positively will not quit.*

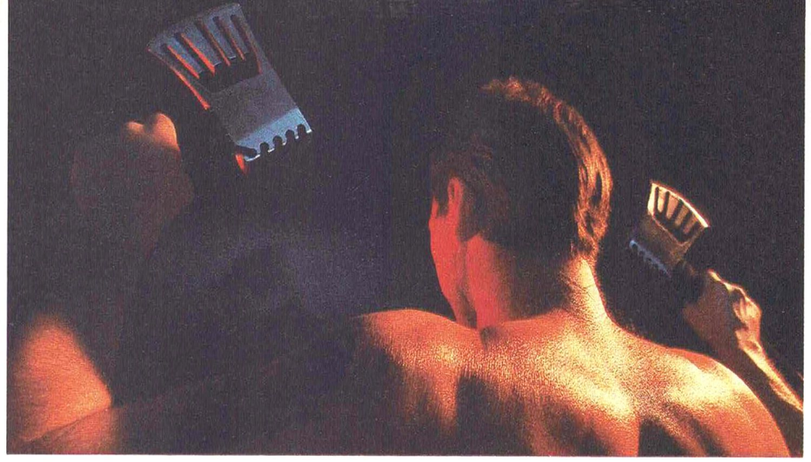
A comic book character mysteriously transmogrified into the real world? Not quite. Ellison is a somewhat more complex personality than Superman but readily admits there's no great mystery about the forces that shaped him. The invisible witness to all his nefarious exploits is the towering figure of his father, a sergeant-major in the Irish Guards. "He was the sort of guy who always insisted on doing the right thing at the right time." For Brian, what that amounted to was nothing short of bastardisation. "I remember one time, as a young boy in England, I left the bathroom in a mess. My father made me wash myself in the snow, in ice-cold water, while he stood at the window having a cup of tea, saying: 'Do it *properly.*' He was a hard sort of bugger, he always wanted me to be hard, and I am the way I am because of him." So the life of Brian has been a continual process of proving to his father that he was entitled to be called a man. At 39 he thinks he's just about got there.

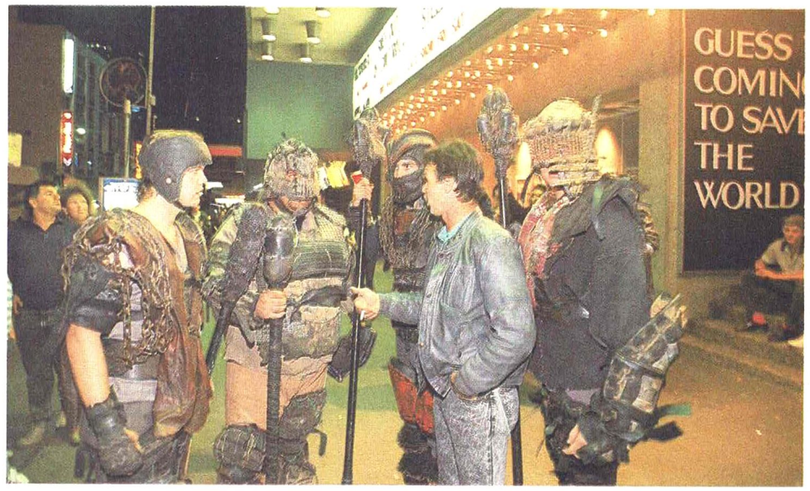
No doubt it was Ellison's small stature — he stands around five feet seven — that caused the proving ground to be inexorably associated with violence. It began the day he set foot in Australia, at the age of 15. "I got off the ship in Melbourne and three young lads immediately called me a Pommie bastard and set about me. I ran away, back up the gangplank, and my father caught hold of me — he'd seen everything — and he gave me a hiding in front of those lads to teach me a lesson." From that point on, Brian resolved that he would take no shit from anyone.

Kyokushin-kai karate was the vehicle by which he could make that resolution a reality. *Kyokushin-kai* is a very physical and dynamic style popularised by a Japanese master who demonstrated his power by killing wild bulls in an arena. Ellison ate, drank and slept karate seven days a week, becoming a First Dan black belt within two years and establishing a formidable reputation as a fighter in the days when broken bones were par for the course in full-contact tournaments. Outside the *dojo,* Brian would go out of his way to refine his skills as a streetfighter: "Fighting was just experience to me; it was something that had to happen for me to get where I wanted to go. I built a reputation that scared people. I was a complete and utter aggressive bastard."

Ellison's obsession with karate quickly developed into an obsession with weaponry, most particularly with the *nunchaku* as practised by the master Sensei Takasaka. When Brian first saw Takasaka brandishing the *nunchaku* he was captivated. "His dexterity was above reproach; it was *excellent.* I just wanted to be as dextrous as that. I pleaded with him to show me these fast moves. He agreed, showed me the moves, and I said: 'Can you show me *slower*?' He said: 'No.' Of course he couldn't. Anyway, I followed him around everywhere. That's the way of karate. I followed many people around and pleaded with them to show me their techniques — and none of them wanted to show me, because then I'd have what they had, and they saw me as a danger. But I had the tenacity and the audacity to argue with some very, very high-ranking Dans, to get in there and get what I wanted — and I've got some *good* stuff, a lot of things that nobody else has got."

And so Brian became a complete master of the *nunchaku,* his favorite, along with many other weapons. He set up his own *dojo* on the Gold Coast in 1975, trained several champions and won plenty of full contact tournaments himself. But there was none of the mellowing that martial artists claim is associated with mastery of their art; for Brian Ellison that was to come, at least in part, much later. For there was still in him an element of the mad Irishman, a desire to test himself out





Right, Above: Early manoeuvres with bored out axeheads, before attaching them to chains manacled to the wrists. Right, Below: Ellison choreographing a fight sequence for the premiere of the film Salute The Jugger. Far Right: "Scorpion Chain", another multi-purpose flailing weapon used in The Punisher — a conveyor belt chain cut down the middle with two knives at the extremity, attached to a fingerpiece.

WEAPON

in some fundamentally satisfying way; and the way unfolded in 1978 when the 28-year-old *karateka* went to Thailand and found himself embarking, as if by predestiny, on a savage and surrealistic journey to the heart of darkness.

"I wanted to challenge these seemingly invincible Thai kickboxers and find out how effective their art really was. It was their national sport, renowned for its ferocity, and I must confess they were good, they were strong, and they really wanted to punch my fucking head off." Ellison did a six-week apprenticeship in the art in Bangkok before being lured to the north, way up in the highlands, on the promise of big money from a local opium lord named Ah Faga. Brian entertained serious doubts about his own sanity during the long drive to a village near the Burmese border.

Ah Faga took the white fighter under his wing, christening him *Kang Farang*, which means "strong foreigner", and supplying him with food, lodgings and opium. Word quickly spread that there was this white man from Australia who was willing to take on anyone, and Brian's novelty value made him a big money-spinner for Ah Faga. Each night, when the hard men of the highlands came in from the fields, the *Kang Farang* would sit with them in a circle and smoke the potent gold opium; then, in a roughly constructed ring at the rear of the village, the crowds would gather, money would change hands furiously, and the fighting would begin.

Sometimes Brian fought several opponents in a night, for which he'd earn 5000 baht or $250; sometimes it was a single bout. Over a period of three weeks he fought 25 men in bloody no-holds-barred contests. "It was sort of like cock fighting; they'd wheel me out each night with a big smile on my face, into the middle of the circle, and the opium seemed to put me on another plane. I felt I couldn't get hurt and it seemed like the opponent's technical ability could be observed in slow motion, whereas my own was speeded up. The techniques were very similar to karate — using the shins, the heels, the elbows, the knees — but one night I was headbutted, and I thought: 'Shit, I didn't know you were allowed to do that!' So I started headbutting too — and each time I did it Ah Faga would get very excited. Basically it was a sort of freestyle karate with no rules."

Brian won all his fights. A loss would have ended his novelty value. There was an air of unreality about the thing — such as on the occasion when he was tricked into playing a game of Russian roulette with the gun pointed at one foot — so that Brian was completely seduced and might well have become an opium-addicted wanderer in these lawless badlands if he hadn't been dragged home by some friends he'd left in Bangkok. Even so, the experience changed him, made him all the more determined to follow his own path, and that path was eventually to lead to Brian's Art Of Knives On String.

"I had a vast respect for the *nunchaku* — if you hit someone on the head with them you'll most surely kill them, and I'd often displaced bones learning how to use them — but I'd always had this idea that it should go a bit further, that there could somehow be an advancement on *nunchaku*." By 1984 Brian had quit his Gold Coast security business to become a stuntman, and at the same time he began to experiment with his concept of knives on string. It was an extremely dangerous period of trial and error, with many painful errors, before Ellison could construct BAOKOS so that he could flail them at fantastic speeds in majestic arcs travelling dangerously close to the face and body before snapping them sweetly back into his hands.

There were times, in the construction and perfection of his art, when Brian would lapse into despair, throw the knives from his bloodied hands and resolve never to touch them again . . . but he kept coming back to them. "I remember once, practising in my room at Randwick — I've started to swing them around, worked up a sweat, and then I've got them travelling at full speed and suddenly one of them hits the back of my hand and cuts clean through the main artery and straight into the bone, and my hand is spurting blood everywhere, just spurting out like a geyser . . . Well, for three weeks after that, I don't touch the knives. I don't even think about the fucking things. But I'm just like everyone says, a madman trying to achieve something with those knives . . . Have you noticed how cool I am with them now? I know *exactly* where those fuckers are going now, every second of the time — because if you don't, you cut your leg, you cut your chest, you cut your neck, you cut your face . . . They are a complete slashing machine around the body, so wherever your opponent is, you *can't* miss."

At first, Brian's sole purpose was to have something of his own, a level of dexterity and precision that nobody else could profess. But one day the legendary stunt co-ordinator Grant Page saw him practising his art in the park and urged him into a cameo role in *Mad Max III — Beyond Thunderdome*. When Ellison saw how spectacular BAOKOS looked on film, he envisioned his new career in weaponry designed purely for celluloid.

The object was to produce a stunning visual effect with weapons that would complement special effects. Any good SFX man can make an audience gasp; but there's an extra element when the effect is combined with something you throw, something you bring out from under your belt or behind your ear, something people can relate to: "What I'm talking about is *extreme* dexterity — knowing exactly what you're going to do, doing it — and doing it so well, it's got to be applauded."

Nothing less than extreme dexterity will suffice when Ellison gets his latest and most spectacular invention — "Axes On Chains" — into full swing. Laboriously constructed by fitter and turner Phil Meacham, the weapon features full-sized axeheads bored out to reduce weight, which are attached to chains manacled to the wrists, with the axe handles snapping back into the hands at the end of a flailing cycle – infinitely more dangerous than the original BAOKOS or any of Brian's other lethal inventions. A false move at speed and you could easily bury an axehead into your skull.

It occurred to me, watching Brian's tentative early movements with this horrible weapon, that it might be wise to cover the razorsharp heads with some material, or at least blunt those edges to make a mistake survivable. He might, likewise, have saved a lot of blood if he'd done the same with BAOKOS, the Sickle On Chain and the Scorpion Chain — but this is not Ellison's way. "Even when you're learning the *nunchaku*, it's best to learn with the real thing. If you're foolish enough to go a bit too fast, you won't do it again."

Ellison's great fear is that some person out there will be silly enough to try and emulate his art. It is just too dangerous to be messed with. These are not ordinary martial arts weapons; they are based entirely on the concept of ending it instantly and spectacularly, with the axes representing the final development in BAOKOS. Once he's perfected them, Ellison will have to move in an entirely new direction, inventing new weapons, teaching actors how to use them, making them work for film — as he's done with great success on *The Punisher*.

Brian's Art Of Knives On String will probably be limited forever to a tiny circle of equally determined practitioners; possibly it will only ever have *one* practitioner, and it will die with him — or he with it.

FICTION BY JAMES McQUEEN

ILLUSTRATION BY AMANDA UPTON

a million swallows

In Bangkok Luke found something he liked too much

Luke — the only diner — sat alone at a table set for ten. In a semi-circle in front of him, watching him eat, stood six girls in long red dresses. Behind them stood the headwaiter in his dinner jacket. Beyond the glass doors the *soi* was crowded in the warm Bangkok night.

A chopstick slipped from Luke's fingers, fell to the carpeted floor. A smiling girl gave him a fresh one. He drained his cup, and a second girl refilled it. They all smiled and watched him, and he grew increasingly nervous. Despite the air-conditioning he had begun to sweat.

He finished his meal quickly, rose, limped to the desk and paid his bill. On the footpath outside he stood for a few moments, a small dark man in his late twenties, dressed in dark slacks and shirt. His face was thin and faintly anxious, his dark eyes deeply set. He was scarcely taller than the Thais who passed him on the pavement. He sighed once, began walking past the transvestite bars towards Sukhumvit Road, his right leg, a little shorter than the other, giving his gait an uncertain lurching quality. At the corner several *tuk-tuk* drivers waited for customers. He approached the first one.

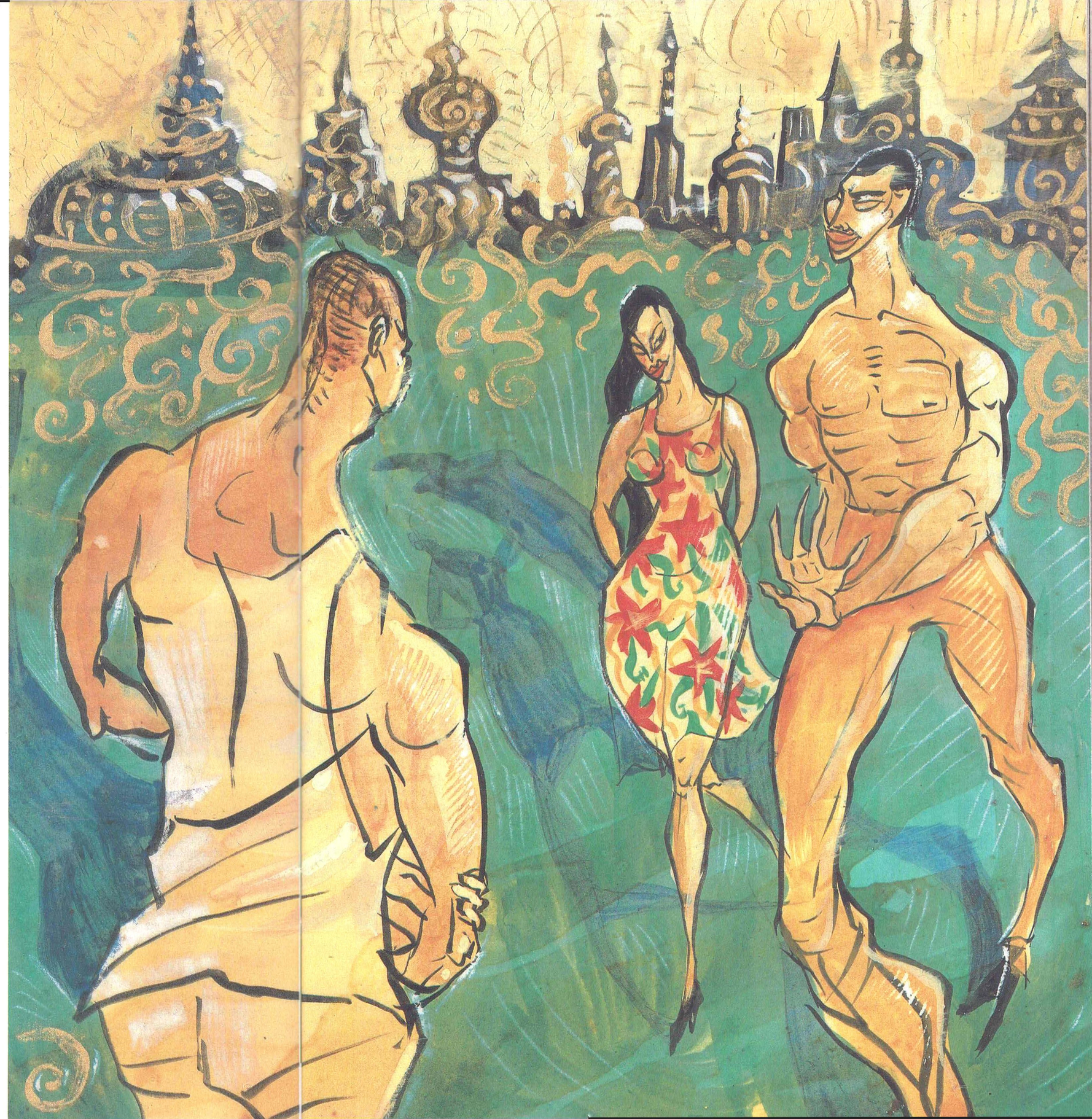
"Silom Road," he said. "Narai Hotel."

"Seventy baht."

He climbed into the little three-wheel vehicle, settled under the canopy as the driver started the two-stroke motor. He lay back, let the wind of their travel play over him and send his hair flying. There was little traffic on the roads. They were passing big houses now, embassies and politicians' homes, set back on large blocks with wide gardens.

The *tuk-tuk* was beginning to labor, he realised. The motor was coughing. Their pace had fallen off, and the driver was casting quick glances over his shoulder, as if to assess his passenger's mood. The motor picked up for a moment, then coughed again, then dropped back to an intermittent rumble. Luke looked at the driver more closely. He seemed quite young, perhaps, with a high forehead and wide cheekbones, regular features. Luke looked out, recognised Lumpini Park, and knew that he was only a few blocks from the hotel. At the same moment the engine died and the driver free-wheeled the vehicle to the kerb.

Luke climbed out, reached into his pocket for the small roll of notes, think-



a million swallows

ing, well, it's near enough to home; he took a fifty and a twenty, and held them out to the driver.

The driver raised his head, and Luke realised that the man was close to tears. His face was a mask of despair.

He pushed the notes towards the driver. "Here!"

The man took the notes, tried to smile.

"What's the matter?" said Luke. "It's nothing serious, surely?" He recognised misery when he saw it, knew it like an old friend.

"Engine broken," said the driver.

"But you can get it fixed?"

The driver shook his head again. "Man who own, he make me pay."

"And you've got no money?"

The driver shook his head again. "Not enough money."

"But you can earn more?"

The driver hung his head. "Man who own, he don't let me use again until I pay."

Ah, shit, thought Luke, another bloody con . . .

But he felt under his shirt, unzipped the pouch on his belt, took out two five hundred baht notes, pushed them into the man's hand and turned quickly away, limping off along the dark street towards the lights on the corner of Silom Road. Fifty bucks gone west, he thought. I'm really a soft bloody touch.

By the time he reached the Narai he was quite furious with himself. He thought of finding a girl, but got quietly drunk instead.

As usual in the mornings he went to the dining room on the mezzanine floor for coffee. He disliked the dining room less for its exorbitant prices than for the public isolation to which it exposed him. No-one, it seemed to him, ever sat there alone; except him. All the others were in groups, families, pairs. And it seemed to him that everyone turned to watch his limping progress up the wide stairs, across the carpet to the table. On the streets, in the crowds, it was different; but here he felt exposed and raw. He finished his coffee quickly, paid, and edged down the stairs, crossed the foyer to the big doors, and passed out into the full heat of the day.

On the steps of the hotel he stood a moment looking about him. To the left lay the two Patpong Roads, to the right the river. He never took a taxi or a *tuk-tuk* in the mornings; he never went on tours. Instead he would set out each day in a different direction, walk until he was exhausted, then catch a *tuk-tuk* back to the hotel. He stepped down on to the footpath, brushed past the man who came towards him, waved him away. And was surprised when the man persisted. When he turned, frowning, to confront him he saw with some surprise that it was the *tuk-tuk* driver of the previous night. And that a Thai girl in a bright flowered dress stood at the man's elbow, smiling. He stopped.

"Sir, Sir . . ." said the man.

"What is it?" said Luke. He was still irritated at his own grandiose gesture of the night before, and was prepared to be brusque.

"Sir . . ." And the man made the *wai*, the graceful gesture of greeting with joined hands held before the face. "Sir, we come find you, say thank you . . ."

"Oh." Luke was non-plussed. It seemed to him that when you did a favor you generally made an enemy; and he felt caution rise in him.

"My name is Kampoon," said the young man. "This my sister Yee . . . She speak good English."

The girl came forward, made a *wai*. She was tiny — came only to Luke's shoulder — and she was almost pretty, he thought. Then she smiled again, and he thought that she might be beautiful.

"We come to wait for you," she said. Her voice was high and childlike. "You very kind to Kampoon last night. We think you very good-heart. We like to make you friendship."

Luke nodded cautiously, watching her with something like wonder.

"We poor people," she said. "Not got much nice place. But we like make meal for you, make very friendly. Maybe you come our house today, eat with us?"

"Thanks," he said. "But you don't owe me anything, you know. It was just a . . . just a gift."

"Yes," she said, Kampoon beaming over her shoulder. "Yes, you got good heart, we make friendly, you eat with us today, okay?"

"Well," he said. "What time?"

"Must be early," she said. "I go work in evening. Maybe five o'clock? Kampoon come hotel at five o'clock to bring you, okay?"

"Well, all right," he said. "I suppose so."

They stood on the pavement smiling at each other, suddenly a little embarrassed.

"You speak good English," he said to the girl. "Where did you learn?"

"Oh," she said, "I work Patpong Road. I learn much language there . . ."

He looked at her quickly, startled. And wondered briefly if he had misheard. But he knew that he had not.

"Yes," he said, "I dare say you do."

After they had left him he walked slowly back into the hotel, climbed absent-mindedly up the stairs to the dining room, ordered more coffee. He sat there for a long time, frowning over his cup.

Luke was waiting on the footpath outside the hotel at five o'clock when Kampoon swung the *tuk-tuk* in to the kerb.

"You get it fixed?" said Luke, nodding at the machine.

Kampoon's smile broadened. "All fix now . . ."

Luke climbed in, settled himself, and Kampoon edged the machine out into the heavy traffic.

Beyond the Erewan, across Ploenchit Road, the city grew grimier, more crowded. They crossed Petchburi Road, turned right into Makkasan Road, right again into a small *soi* that led into the centre of the block. In a tiny space where two *sois* intersected, Kampoon braked the *tuk-tuk*, ran it under an awning, stopped.

"Now we talk . . ." He chained the vehicle to a metal stanchion and pointed to an alley that led back towards Ratcha Prarop Road.

It was a very narrow alley, scarcely wide enough for two people to walk side by side. Doorways opened on each side of the alley, washing hung from short lines, women cooked over charcoal braziers in doorways, children played in the narrow spaces. It was dim, humid, and it smelled of too many people and too much poverty. At the end of the alley, fifty paces ahead, Luke could see the bright daylight of the busy street. But before they reached it Kampoon touched Luke's arm and stopped. A single step led up to a door. Kampoon opened the door and ushered Luke inside.

The room was small, narrow, perhaps five metres by two, and the only light came from a high window opening in the long wall. There was a battered suitcase, and a carton containing food and cooking utensils; a tiny shrine in one corner held a Buddha statue and cheap colored photographs of the King and Queen. At the far end of the room a curtain covered an alcove in the wall.

Kampoon called out, and the curtain was pulled aside. Yee stepped into the room smiling. She was wearing the same dress she had worn earlier in the day, and her hair, jet-black, was drawn back by a pink ribbon. She smiled at him, made a *wai*. "Hurro!"

They stood in an awkward group, all of them suddenly self-conscious.

"Please," said Yee, "you sit."

Luke sat awkwardly on the linoleum, his back against the wall. He drew his legs up under him. Kampoon squatted easily across from him, smiling.

"We very glad you come," said Yee. "We think maybe you didn't like to come to small poor place like this."

Luke felt himself flushing. "Thank you for asking me."

They fell silent.

"Where you come from?" said Yee.

Luke told her.

"How long you stay in Bangkok?"

"Another week."

The silence closed over them again.

"Soon I go cook," said Yee. "I not too much good cook. Lady next door, she help me tonight. We cook in her room. She got plenty more space than we got."

"Ah," said Luke, feeling desperately tongue-tied. "Haven't you got any other family?" he said at last. "Except Kampoon?"

"Oh, sure," said Yee. "We got mother, father, small brother and sisters."

"Where are they?"

"They live in country, near Udorn Thani, in northeast."

"They always lived there?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "All family live there. But very poor, very dry country, not enough food, not enough work, all very hungry . . . So we come Bangkok, Kampoon and me. We make some money here, send small money back to family, you know?"

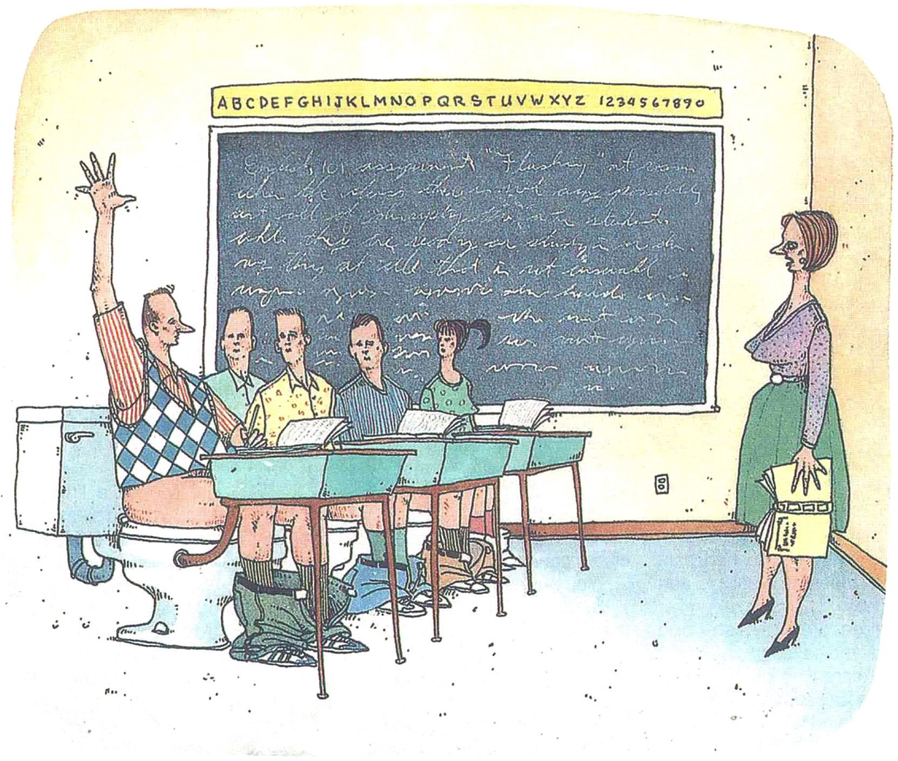
"You like it in Bangkok?"

She laughed. "No! Bangkok not good place, but more money here, no money in village."

He thought of asking her about Patpong Road, but was silent.

A little later Yee left the room, returned with a tray of food — dishes of rice and fish and pork, small bowls of sauces. They sat on the floor with the food between them, eating. His legs were cramped, and Luke wondered how long he would need to sit there. But in a moment Yee sprang up and began to gather the dishes.

"We must go soon," she said. "Time for me go to work. Kampoon take you back to hotel. I come with you, walk to Patpong



"Can't you wait until recess to flush?"

a million swallows

Road."

He thought it odd that she should mention the name so easily, without shame or embarrassment. And Kampoon seemed not to find it strange. Luke shrugged, struggled to his feet. Yee pulled back the curtain from the alcove, and Luke saw that it was a small sleeping space, large enough only for the big mattress on the floor. A few pegs on the wall held clothes, and an empty box in the corner served as a dressing table. It was covered with bright cloth, and a small mirror hung on the wall above it. Yee came out, pulled the curtain shut behind, and smiled at them.

"Let's go!"

Luke went early to bed, in no mood for another idle evening on Silom Road. He lay on his back in the darkness for a long time thinking of Yee, at work only a few hundred metres away from where he lay. He had visited one of the brothels, but had left quickly at the sight of the girls — more than thirty of them in swimsuits or underwear behind the plateglass window, each with a number pinned to her. It seemed altogether too gross, too brutal.

He had been with prostitutes at home, of course, but they had been girls who had picked him up on the streets, freelances who had serviced him rapidly and efficiently, taken his money and moved on. But the place in Patpong Road had seemed to him to carry the aura of the slave market, of captivity and oppression, and he had been revolted by it. And it seemed hard to accept that Yee was part of it.

He thought he could find his way back to the room off Ratcha Prarop Road, but wondered if he would or if he should. In a week he would be leaving the city, and it seemed a pointless thing to do.

He slept at last, a restless shallow sleep that left him in the morning listless and depressed.

One o'clock found him in Ratcha Prarop Road, at the far end of the Pratunam market. Somewhere about here, he thought, peering into narrow alleys between fruit stalls, cake shops, radio stores. It was very hot, and the constant roar of the traffic filled his ears. He found the alley at last, half hidden behind a great display of potted ferns. He pushed past the vendor, into the narrow alley, and located the doorway.

He smiled at an old lady, stepped forward, knocked, and called.

For a moment there was silence. Then he heard her voice call something incomprehensible from behind the door.

"It's me," he said. "Luke."

The door was opened suddenly. She was dressed in the same flowered frock, and her wet hair was piled high on her head. For a moment her face was blank, and then a quick smile came.

"Ruke! Hurro!"

He grinned foolishly at her. "Hullo."

"You come see us again!" Her face lost its smile. "Kampoon not here, he work!"

"That's all right," he said, suddenly emboldened. "I came to see you, anyway."

She smiled again, held the curtain open. "Better you come in. I wash hair, he not dry yet."

He followed her into the small room, suddenly nervous.

"You wait please," she said. "I fix hair." And she disappeared into the sleeping alcove.

He waited, moving up and down the little room, uncertainty growing inside him. She came out of the alcove at last with her hair combed straight and lying damply down her back. With her hair drawn back her face seemed smaller, more childlike.

> He realised for the first time that he had never offered her money. And he was glad that he had not.

"You very crever," she said. "You find your way back."

He stood silent, wondering what he had come for, what he should do, what he should say.

"You want to go for walk?"

He nodded gratefully.

Out on the street, in the midst of the hurrying crowd, he felt more at ease. Yee turned right, towards the high overpass.

"We cross over the street," she said. "Get ice cream over there."

He followed her gratefully along the footpath.

Across the overpass, at the entrance to the big department store, they bought ice-cream cones. Yee refused to let him pay.

"You buy next time," she said.

He relaxed a little, thinking, well, so there's to be a next time . . .

They climbed back on to the overpass and leaned on the rail eating their cones, looking up the wide reach of Ratcha Prarop Road. The sky was dulled and leaden with the exhaust fumes, and only the passage of the big buses beneath them stirred the hot air.

"I'd better go," he said, when they had finished the ice creams.

"Go?" she said. "But you just come. You can't go yet!"

He stood silently, looking not at her but at the traffic roaring past below. He did not want to go, but did not know how to stay.

She took his arm. "You look too much unhappy — why you look unhappy?"

He looked down at her, at the wide brown eyes, the broad cheekbones, the small mouth. And his heart seemed to fall away, to leave him empty and lost.

She cocked her head a little. "Why you so sad?"

He shook his head, turned away a little.

"I think better we go back to room," she said, and took his hand.

She took him straight through the outer room, past the curtain into the sleeping alcove. She took off her clothes and undressed him, drew him down on to the wide bed. He closed his eyes for a moment, flooded with a strange new feeling that was part shame, part panic, part relief. For a time he lay quite still, feeling her hands moving over his body, slow and warm and reassuring. He opened his eyes, then, and looked into her serious face above him. She smiled, and he smiled back.

"You got family?" she said. "In Australia, you got family?"

He lay on his back, holding her in the crook of his arm.

"No," he said. A sister he had not seen for years hardly counted. "No family."

"That very awful," she said. "No family, that too bad."

He moved, raised his head so that he could look down the length of her small perfect body. It occurred to him suddenly that her race was a much more attractive one than his own.

"Why you got no wife?" she said.

"Too ugly."

"Ugly! You not ugly! Many Thai girls like to marry with you."

He grinned a little then. "Not too many Australian girls do."

She shook her head sadly. "Better you have wife, I think." She raised herself, leaned on one arm, and ran a small hand down his flank, on to the thigh of his withered leg. "Why this leg smaller than other one?"

He flinched a little at her touch, and turned his head away.

"It got broken when I was a kid," he said. "It never mended properly."

"Don't matter," she said. "You got good heart. Leg only small thing."

"Maybe," he said.

"You don't like I touch him?"

"It doesn't matter." He closed his eyes again, shame enveloping him.

Yee kneeled up on the mattress, running her hands gently over the

Continued on page 134

Michelle

Hair, makeup and styling by Bambi; Black and white thigh boots by Let It Rock, Centrepoint. Sydney; Black and pink swimsuit by Running Bare of Sydney (319 2722); Red lace corset, black rose corset, red ribbon and tulle skirt by Rod Alexander Lingerie of Sydney (958 6314); Peach, black and red lingerie by Undies And Things, Crown St, Sydney (331 3143); Black and white T-shirt and black suspender belt from Risk of Crown St, Sydney (331 4276); Red taffeta skirt and jewellery from Cash Palace, Sydney.

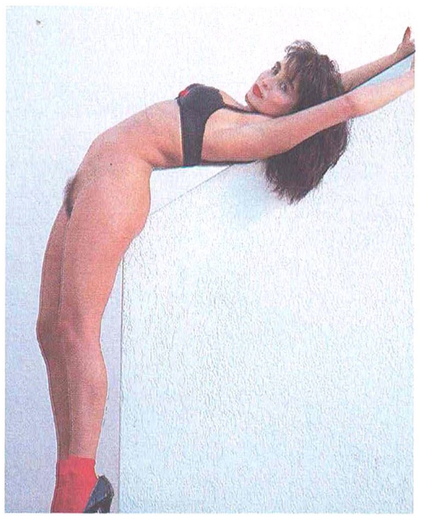
• LITTLE RED • CORVETTE

Gorgeous 21-year-old Sydneysider Michelle Gray is a girl who approaches life at full throttle, taking the corners at top speed. Living in the fast lane is the only way she knows how. "I love being behind the wheel of a fast car — the feeling of freedom and control." To keep in tempo with this racy beauty, *Penthouse* photographed her in tandem with her favorite car. Tighten your seatbelts and adjust your pacemakers as this stunning beauty steps into her little red Corvette for some heart-stopping action.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZIE SAUVAGE

Michelle's not someone who could ever be chained to a desk. "I'd go bananas at a typewriter. I love mixing with people. I'm a real social butterfly." A former hairdresser, she left the world of scissors and shampoo for the excitement of the spotlight as a model and dancer.

A rebel at heart, Michelle prizes individuality above all else. "I don't like being like everybody else. I think it's a pity so many people feel compelled to conform. You see it in fashion, personality, everything . . . People are so inhibited."



This livewire couldn't be kept still with a straitjacket. "I love sports, particularly contact sports. I've played netball and touch football competitively. I swim religiously every morning and I love waterskiing. My goal is to compete in the Bridge to Bridge next year." Michelle admits she can burn people out. A man who wants to keep pace with her will have to have the stamina of Stallone. "I love bronzed Aussie men, particularly positive ones. I love positive, enthusiastic people. To appeal to me a man's also got to have brains — I enjoy a challenge in a relationship."

THE LAST SAFARI

Some African nations will soon have to decide between the preservation of wild animals and people

Before first light every morning, hunters and clients are woken by the sound of the tent zipper rising and a murmured, "Good morning, Bwana. *Chai.*" Strong morning tea is set down between the camp beds and the white men are drawn into the day by the hissing of the lanterns freshly lit outside the tent. Finally, the splash of steaming water into the shaving basin lures them to action.

A sturdy breakfast of porridge, sausage, eggs and grilled tomatoes is eaten by lamplight. Green wooden lunch boxes are heaved into Land Cruisers. Rifles are strapped to gun racks. Eager with expectation, hunters, trackers and gunbearers scramble in as the vehicles head into the darkness of the bush.

This is the African safari of lore and legend. And for reasons as complex as they are ironic, it is on the verge of extinction throughout the Dark Continent.

The diversity of animal life in Africa has long lured tourists to the safari, first with guns and now with cameras. It all started with small cadres of wealthy Europeans visiting Africa through the 19th and early 20th Centuries, covering ground slowly, with many bearers and the classic "white hunter" as guide. Clients came to expect not merely trophies, but high times: an African extension of the privileged life that entertained them, or bored them, in Biarritz and St Moritz, in London and Newport. Nairobi's Norfolk Hotel, although a little rough for some, became an extension of the Savoy and the Ritz. Like polo and yachting, safaris combined excitement with luxury.

Kenya's diverse tribal lifestyles, exemplified by the colorful cattle-raising Maasai and Samburu people (who, although small in numbers, are inter-

BY MARK WARWICK

LAST SAFARI

nationally famous for their Spartan ways and belief that God gave them all the cattle on Earth), have also contributed to a partly mythical image of life in Kenya. As a result, the country attracts more tourists than any other African nation.

In 1986, 614,200 visitors earned Kenya's Mercedes-driving businessmen and politicians in Nairobi about $A31.5 million — though the peasant farmers saw none of these dollars percolate to their level. But every major civilisation has eventually destroyed its wildlife, and civilisation is fast overtaking Africa. A land loved for its grandeur and natural wealth, Africa is now facing tragedy — famine and dwindling wildlife. The great irony is that the situation has largely resulted from bans on hunting.

In 1977, after a five-year period in which two-thirds of Kenya's animals died from the effects of drought, the parliament cancelled all licences for hunting guns, barred people with weapons from entering the country, and ordered hunting safaris to convert into photographic safaris. The following year the parliament forbade the sale of wildlife trophies — a measure that increased the effectiveness of the anti-hunting laws. But while Kenyan shopkeepers were allowed to sell ivory carvings and elephant hair bracelets, zebra drum tables and lion-tooth necklaces, poachers had no trouble unloading their contraband.

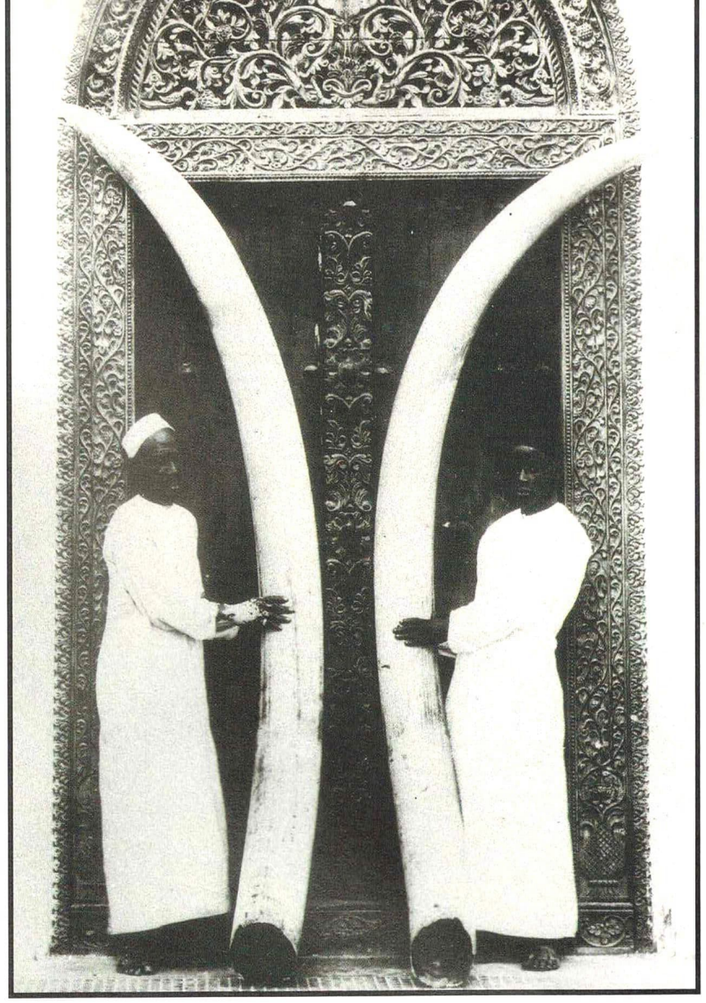
Many veteran professional hunters went into photographic safaris, some with large-scale mini-van tourism, others trying to keep some of the old style with small parties and first-class camps in more remote locations. But it was not the same. Not for the hunters, not for the clients and not for the game. Other hunters simply shifted their businesses to countries such as the Central African Republic or Botswana.

As in many other African countries, the end of licensed hunting was the beginning of the end for the big game. The professional hunters had every reason to protect both game and habitat. They trained generations of game wardens to their own high standard and actively held government officials to their duty. When the hunters moved out, the poachers moved in — not just local tribesman hunting for meat, but large-scale commercial poachers. The rhinos and large bull elephants were largely destroyed.

Right up until the 1977 Kenyan hunting ban, top hunters like Reggie Destro and Glen Cottar used to get 50-kilogram tusks on almost every safari to the Tana River. But as one close observer says, "It never got out of hand until the end of the hunting. Now they're finished." In fact, there wouldn't be any elephant or heavy game in African countries if there weren't professional hunters, clients, trackers and rangers reporting back and keeping the pressure on the poachers.

Traffic in ivory, rhino horn, spotted cat, monkey skins and other trophies is big business from which even the lowliest poacher can profit. Around the world, the smuggling of endangered animals rivals the narcotics trade in its scope, methods and profits. Yet penalties for wildlife smugglers are usually too lenient to have any significant effect.

Although the poachers, smugglers and illicit traders in wildlife products get the publicity, and indeed are the targets of government anti-poaching units, there are also "white-collar crimes" that range from foundations and fund irregularities to licensing frauds.



ON SAFARI

Big game hunting is usually taken to mean the hunting of large animals for sport; the enjoyment factor seems to increase in direct proportion to the danger, real or assumed. In my own childhood in Kenya, I had enjoyed stalking and shooting the creatures of the bush. I had owned and cherished a rifle, learned from my father and African companions the elements of tracking, read with fascination books by professional hunters, and shared the prevailing belief that shooting wild animals was an exciting test of skill sometimes spiced with danger. In the end, I believed I had no place in Africa, but the continent had marked me and beckoned me, as I got older, to record the wildlife with my camera.

Almost all Europeans in colonial days, whether visitors or residents, shot the large mammals of Africa as a matter of course, with no thought for the future stocks. If any paused to reflect, it was probably to the effect that they were clearing the country of vermin so that the benefits of civilisation could spread. With increasing affluence and perhaps a developing boredom with deer, Americans like Hemingway began to be drawn to the attractions of big game hunting in Africa, but because of their unfamiliarity with the country, hunting parties took along a local man to guide them. For those who could afford it, that was the best time in Africa — before the advent of chartered flights, conducted tours and photographic safaris.

The rich clientele did indeed need pampering. The result was the creation of a particular African character — the "white hunter" — whose duty was to cater to all the needs of his illustrious clients from providing toilet tissue to the presentation of shootable game. The professional hunters developed a code of ethics amongst themselves and took care to see that the game laws were observed. The image and the reality of the English gentleman hunter were at the heart of the safari ethic. Cornwallis Harris, Cotton Oswell, Fredrick Selous and Denys Finch Hatton lived by this standard.

The code included looking after the sometimes incompetent client and taking over if things went wrong. Some hunters established a rapport with the animals which subsequently led them to become leading conservationists, and many a national park has been run by a retired professional hunter. Although hunting was certainly profitable for the individual safari operator, its contribution to the country's economy was negligible.

At the time of the construction of the Uganda Railway, there was only one safari company on the scene, "Newland & Tarlton", which had been established by an Englishman and an Australian of the same names. They employed the first white hunters, and later they changed their Nairobi-based company's name to the more inviting "Safariland."

Many a good white hunter busied himself for decades with the job of stalking and finishing off animal victims of the safari clients, who had only been able to discharge their expensive guns in the general direction of the game. To the real hunters fell the lot, then, of making the actual kill, while the hero of the day retired contentedly to his tent and his whiskey soda, to await the return of his faithful mentor.

For perhaps $16,000 two shooting clients in the late Sixties could take a three-week safari. The cost would include all licences, trophy expenses, a Toyota and a Bedford truck, one professional hunter and a staff of about six, including one or two gunbearers or skinners, a cook, a laundryman and two camp helpers or drivers. Top-grade photographic safaris became increasingly popular at about one-third of that amount.

After Kenya became independent in 1963, poaching and corruption increased steadily, but the old safari traditions continued. Top professional hunters like Harry Selby and Glen Cottar, Reggie Destro and Donald Ker, Eric Rundgren and Syd Downey led a new generation of hunters and clients. Better educated Africans seemed not to be drawn to hunting. After the 1977 bans, of course, the white hunter was on the verge of extinction and the big game promised to follow in his footsteps. The end of the hunter signalled the end of the hunted.

A TRADE OF TERRORISM

A significant part of the traffic in animal products is for medical and apothecary uses. Japan, China, Malaysia, Indonesia and India are markets for rhino products. Whereas rhinos once roamed freely over much of the African savannah, they now survive only where there is strict protection.

Daggers are deeply involved in the culture of North Yemen and no male is properly dressed without a rhino horn

LAST SAFARI

handle in his waistband. Rhino horn's effectiveness as an aphrodisiac, much eulogised in Asian countries, must be purely psychological since the horn is composed of compressed hairs and you would suppose that its use would have as great an erotic effect as chewing your finger nails.

Ivory, however, is in a class by itself as it has a utilitarian value, although not many billiard balls or piano keys are manufactured from it nowadays. Its price has increased some twenty-fold or so in the past decade and consequently it has taken on an intrinsic value rather like gold. As the number of elephants continues to decline, its value can only increase further. Hong Kong and Japan import about 80 percent of the ivory on the world market. It has been estimated that the 50,000 elephants which roamed Tsavo National Park in the Sixties have dwindled to about 5000, although drought must have accounted for thousands. Nevertheless, figures such as these finally prompted the Kenyan Government's dramatic incineration of confiscated ivory.

Japan has signed the CITES treaty and buyers can import ivory under proper licences, but these buyers don't know or care if the export document has been falsely certified. They view "improper" documentation at the export end as none of their business. Buyers will not act as policemen.

Kenya's fickle tourist industry, which provides a strong financial reason for protecting wildlife, is vulnerable to major global forces such as high energy costs and world recession. Closer to home, it is vulnerable to a noose of terrorism that in early 1981 encircled the country. To frighten away the tourist would be a death blow to wildlife. The Tanzanian-Kenyan border is closed to commercial traffic and therefore a great deal of smuggling and illegal economic activity goes on there.

The vast game areas, which unfortunately include the Serengeti and Mkoma reserves on the Tanzanian side, and the Maasai Mara, Amboseli and Tsavo on the Kenyan side, are the exact territory in which much of the illicit, occasionally violent, traffic occurs. Shoot-outs have occurred between the Kenyan army and poachers and cattle rustlers after months of sporadic poaching, robbing, cattle theft and tourist harassment and murder. Nor has the noose of terrorism and unrest missed Kenya's north-east quadrant. Travel to the region between Lake Turkana and the Ugandan border is hazardous, as starving, heavily armed Karamajong people from Uganda maraud in search of food. Veteran conservationist George Adamson was killed in eastern Kenya by ethnic Somali bandits and elephant poachers.

ANIMAL APARTHEID

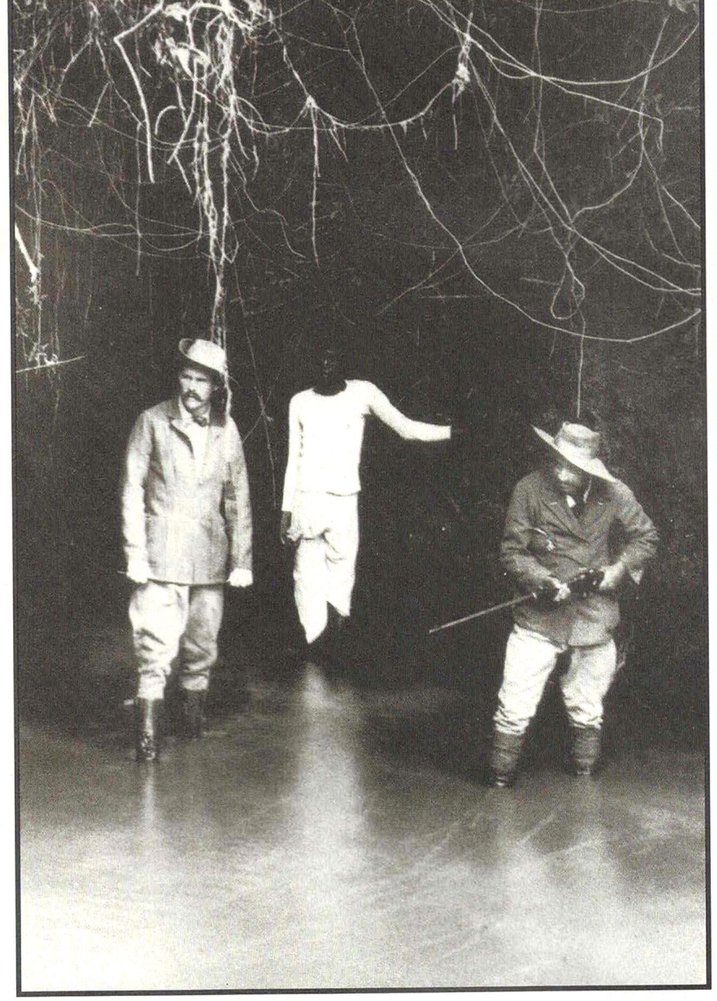
Western culture introduced into Africa a kind of ecological apartheid, explicitly designating certain areas exclusively for animals and others for people. Tanzania is one of the world's poorest countries and faces a continual pressure of population against limited land and resources. Vaccinations against the tsetse fly and rinderpest have allowed tribal cattle herders to return in increasing numbers to the borders of the Serengeti, and these tribesmen, who are still often illiterate, see no value in conserving giraffes and warthogs when they desperately want more land for their cattle.

Pressure to transfer wildlife areas to farmers is great in many African countries. Farmers are prohibited from hunting any game in the parks to supplement their food, so animals and people are both restrained by unnatural boundaries. Consequently, the local farmers tend to view tourism sceptically and somewhat resentfully, since they themselves see little benefit from it, except the occasional tip from an eager tourist paying for the privilege of photographing them. Allotting special land for wild animals and making it off-limits to Africans is difficult to explain to someone who hasn't enough to eat.

Kenya's population growth of four percent per annum is the highest in the world and creates demand for land and conflict with animals. Marauding animals that destroy crops are shot or speared, particularly by farmers trying to establish themselves. Kenya's 1988 per capita income was put at only $A430. By balancing human and animal needs, wildlife can earn its keep. This, according to ecologists, necessitates game cropping, particularly of zebra and buffalo, and a systematic method of paying the landowner on whose land the animal was shot. This practice would provide the landowner with income, making the animal valuable to him, giving him an incentive to conserve wildlife, and bring some revenue to the government through licences, taxes and tourist revenues.

In general, African game meat is rated as high as beef, with some exceptions. Quality is a matter of taste. Waterbuck meat is considered by some to be coarse-grained and rank in flavor, although from personal experience I would not endorse that opinion. Elephant meat is similarly viewed by many people. From samples of tinned meat submitted to the German Federal Institute for Meat Research, topi and buffalo scored best and elephant worst for flavor, while zebra and wildebeest were considered best and buffalo meat worst in appearance. All game meats were considered better than canned pork in appearance and only eland and elephant were judged to be worse in taste.

Export of fresh meat would probably be precluded by foot-and-mouth regulations but these would not apply to zebra carcasses, for which there is a ready market in Belgium and France, where horse meat is eaten. Game farming has been tried by many landowners in Africa and has not proved profitable unless it has been coupled with some form of "safari" industry. Problems involved in harvesting large mammals in the African bush include high temperatures in the tropics and the difficulties of processing the meat under acceptable conditions of hygiene. The simplest method of harvesting African ungulates would seem to be shooting.



Conveniently, Tanzania has recently ended its six-year ban on hunting. The game had declined drastically during the ban and the government has sought to rebuild the positive link between conservation and proper hunting. Recognising that licensed hunting was the best way to earn revenues while preserving the game from poaching and habitat destruction, in 1984 the government authorised ten hunting concessions through the Tanzania Wildlife Corporation. Government revenues were to be derived from specific fees, payable only in US dollars, for each licensed animal taken, such as $110 for hyena and $1165 for leopard or lion, plus a royalty fee of $376 per day for each person hunting and $53 for each observer.

In 1988 a typical first-class hunting safari for two shooting clients cost approximately $8000 per week for each hunter, in addition to the Tanzanian Government's royalty fees of $8000 and game licences and trophy costs of around $4000. A comparable photographic safari in traditional tented camps, organised by Robin Hurt Safaris or another top outfitter like Ker & Downey, for a party of four led by a knowledgeable professional guide, often a retired hunter, would cost from $2000 to $3500 for each client per week.

There is also a very strong argument for the conservation of species on aesthetic grounds. There is, of course, a case for conserving wildlife because of its scientific interest. Each animal species is unique but some are of particular importance. To lose the giraffe, the elephant or the aardvark, or any species with few or no living relatives, would be a zoological tragedy.

Yet unless this runaway population growth can be curbed, sooner or later, if current trends continue, pictures of starving Kenyans will be shown on our television screens.

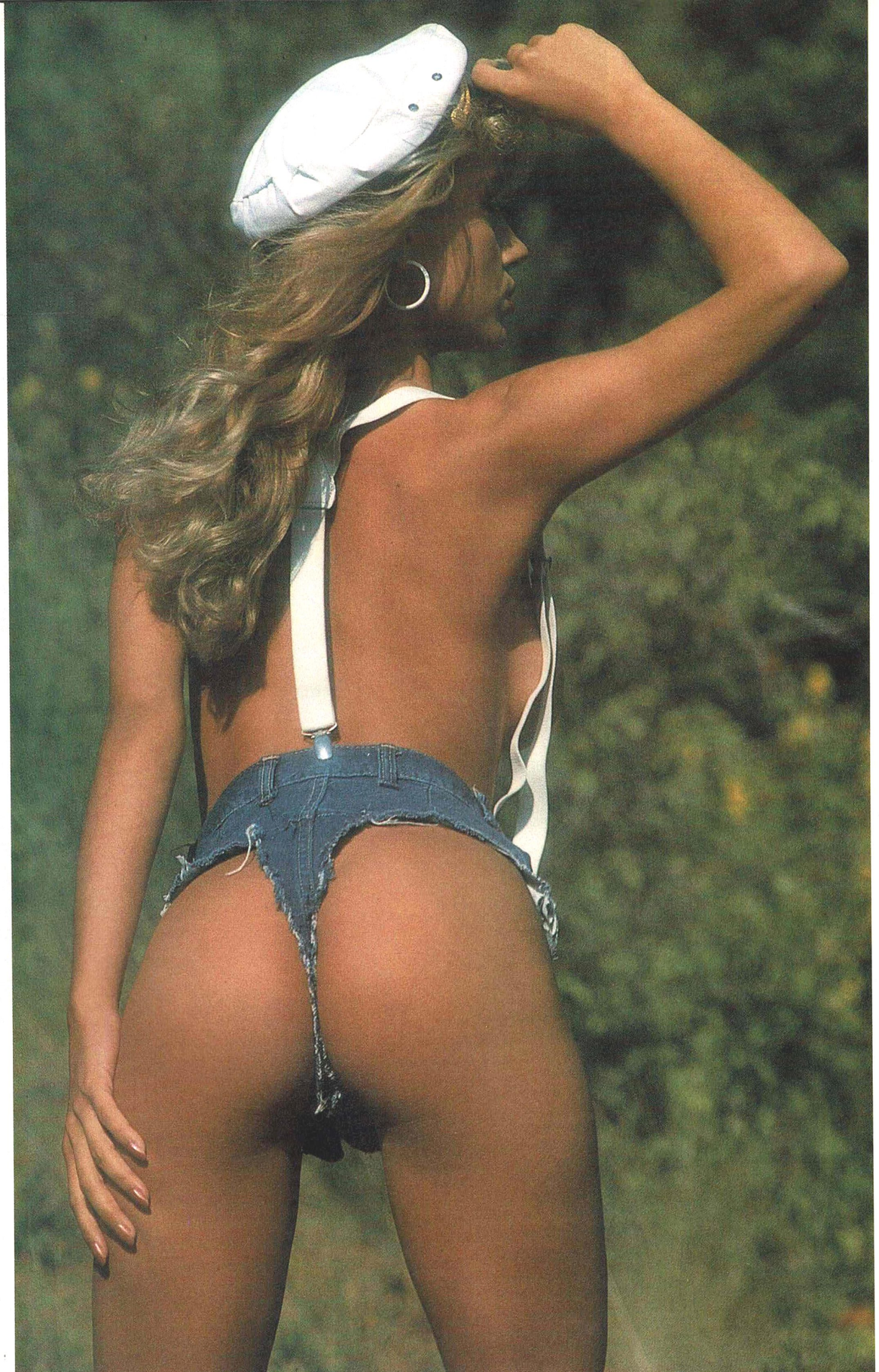
Some African leaders feel that the monetary burden of caring for species that are of value to the whole world unfairly falls entirely on their shoulders. Tourism pays the bills now, but as population and development pressures increase, some emerging nations will find themselves in a position of deciding between the preservation of wild animals and people.

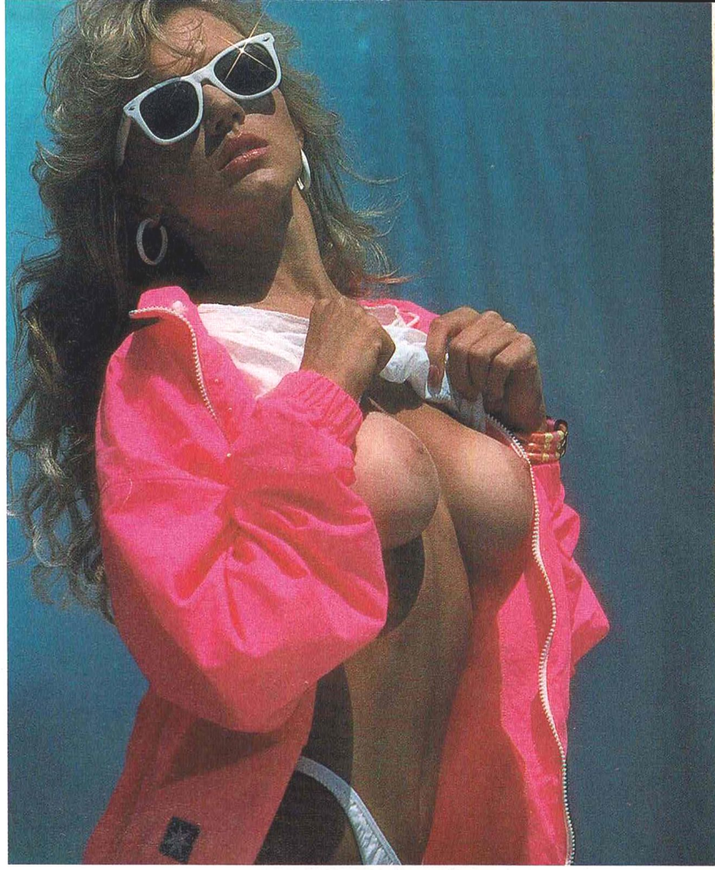
Hidden Talents

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Angela, 23, is as demure and sweet as any man's mother could hope for. It would seem butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, yet underneath those batting eyelids is a mind like a steel trap and a determination to match. "I'm halfway through a marketing degree and I really want to get a top job when I finish, so I'm working really hard," she enthuses.

When she's not bent over her schoolbooks, Angela loves to cook gourmet meals. A breadwinner and maker too. "I find cooking creative and relaxing. At the moment I'm going through a Thai food phase; I love anything exotic. I'm not a nightclub person. Dinner parties are my favorite form of entertainment."





Angela decided to pose for *Penthouse* to break out of her natural timidity. "I felt I needed to come out of my shell. I used to be really shy about revealing my body, but after being chosen as a Pet I feel more confident. It's proved to me that I can do anything I set my mind to."

WORDS BY OTTO SCHMIDINGER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ELLEM

They called it "Nuclear Friday": the grey day when a howling wind gave a bunch of intrepid Australians a crack at the world speed sailing record.

A speed sailing event with no wind is not a pleasant place to be. After a windless week there are 200 bored and grumbling sailors who've made the trek from as far afield as Western Australia and Queensland to Wilson's Promontory in Victoria for the annual ten-day Sandy Point Speed Trials.

Each of them dreams of breaking the world record, some with boards lovingly crafted at home in their garages after much discussion with other speed freaks, their creators all convinced they have the fastest shapes ever to make it into fibreglass. Boards only 33 cms wide have been produced in the hope of enough wind to get them mobile; in really high winds they'll far outrace conventional sailboards.

GALE FORCE

GALE FORCE

These needle-like craft are the Formula One vehicles that have given windsurfing the outright world speed sailing record since 1986, when Pascal Maka broke the six-year-old record of 36 knots set by the monster catamaran *Crossbow*. In March 1988, Australia's Malcolm Wright clocked up 38.38 knots in a north-easterly wind on the man-made canal at Les Saintes Maries de la Mer in France. The wind there is now known as "le vent du Malcolm." Eric Beale holds the official world record of 40.48 knots, set on the same canal.

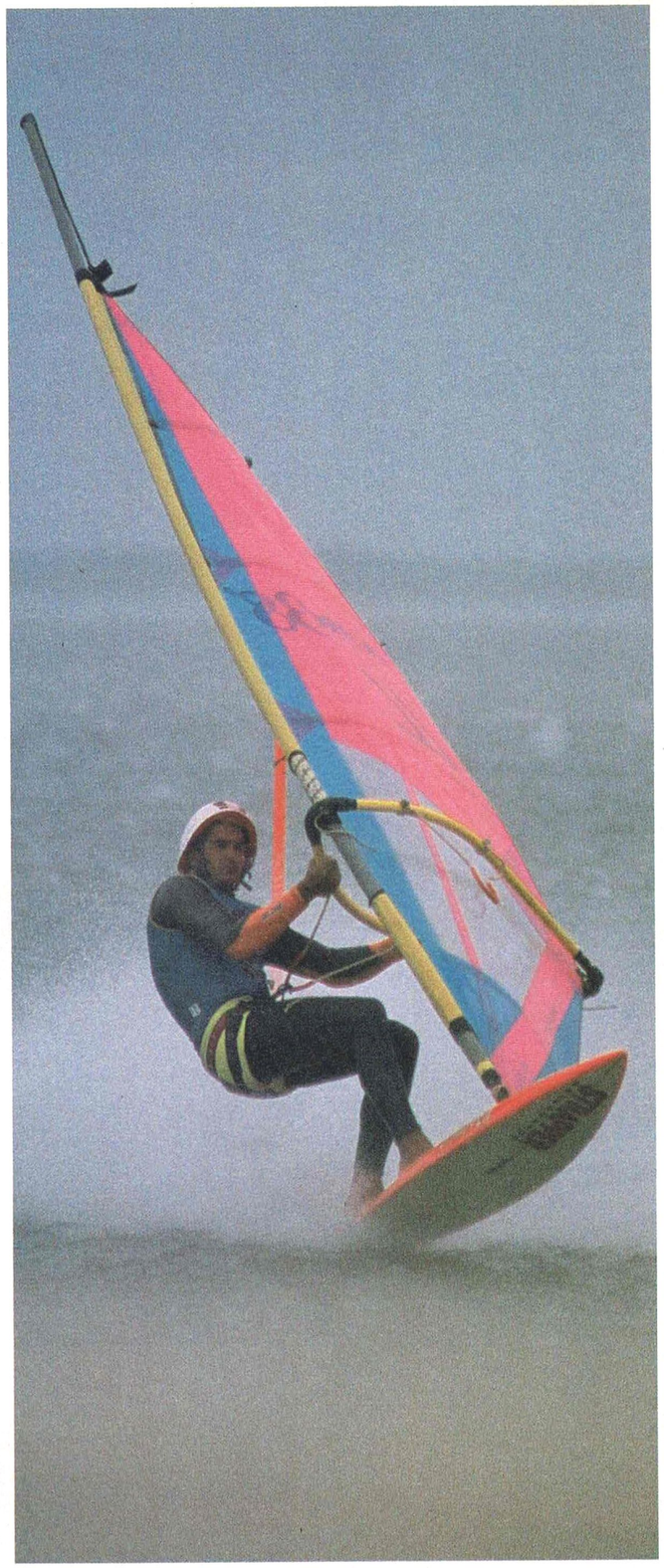
To get a world record ratified requires the presence of a representative of the London-based speed sailing association, the WSSRC. Because the organisers can't afford to arrange this august presence, Sandy Point is not an internationally ratified speed course. The sailors couldn't give a stuff; if Eric Beale's record is broken *they'll* recognise it all right, along with every other sailor in the world.

Friday, October 27, 1989, the eighth day of the contest, dawns grey and rainy, but everyone is wired up and at the beach early. The wind is finally here, and it's today or not at all. The tide is higher than it's been all week and most of the cars, vans and trucks have taken a salt water bath on their way around the bay to the section of beach used as a staging area.

Speed boards are drawn from their protective covers and carried like weapons by the helmeted warriors in fluoro rubber armor. The whole scene resembles an army preparing for battle. With the sound of giant flapping wings drowning out the wind, sailors frantically rig sails that are being thrown around by the gusts. Others wrestle their rigs over the dunes to the course as the captive sails do their best to escape.

Over the sheltering dunes the wind is howling through at 30-35 knots. Perfect! There are sailors with small rigs ripping down the bay. The tide is too high to set the course so competitors are testing their equipment in the choppy conditions. A couple of guys are doing floating three metre chop hops. The wind is picking up — it's in the 40s now — and sailors are doing weird things with their sails and bodies to try and stay upright.

The scene on the water is turning into chaos as the wind increases to 50 knots. There are boards and rigs stashed in every dip and hollow in the dunes to stop the wind from tearing them away. Rain is combining with sand being blown horizontally and everything is coated on the windward side with a thick layer of brown cement. It's so cold all the males are undergoing a free sex change. There's a neutered crowd in thick layers of clothing, huddled together under a sheltering



Opening spread: Malcolm Wright on Nuclear Friday — an historic run. Above: Out of control and about to lose it. Right: One of Australia's best-known young sailors, Jason Polakow, in cleaner conditions, almost touching the shoreline.

bush on the highest dune, watching the action.

Sailors are being slammed to the water like rag dolls. Only the ones with enough foresight to rig 3.5 metre hankies are still surviving . . . just.

The tide is dropping but the wind is awesome and hitting 60 knots. Already people are calling it "Nuclear Friday." Sailors are retiring with bruised bodies and egos; rigs and boards are buried by the clinging sand. Looking downwind, everything is brown with specks of fluoro color where a batten tip or strap is still uncovered. It's now really hard to stand up.

"They're going to open the course!"

The speed sailing record has always been held by American or European sailors. Trials in Australia have not been considered capable of producing wind and other conditions necessary for world record speeds.

But Sandy Point is something else again.

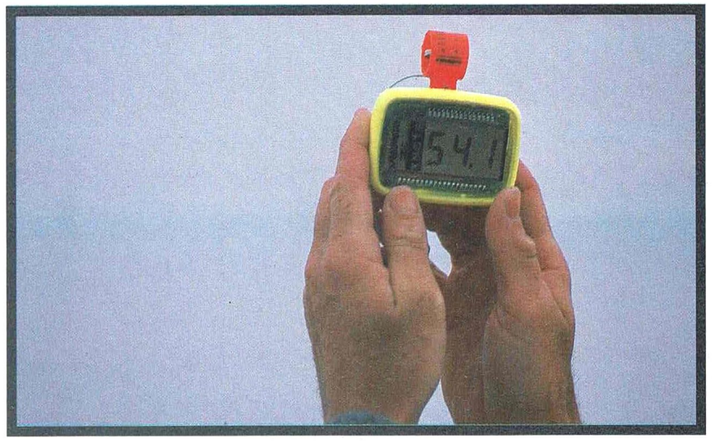
The course at Sandy Point is on a small inlet which is separated from the ocean by a 500-metre wide spit of sand. This low sand dune is so smooth it accelerates the wind passing over it. The beauty of Sandy Point is its two-kilometre curved shoreline. This allows the course to be set in wind directions from south to west. Also, the arc in the course eliminates following chop and allows the sailor to head more downwind as he accelerates down the course. A hundred and twenty to 130 degrees off the wind is the optimum angle. Another thing that makes Sandy Point unique is that the course drops into deep water quickly, so you can sail very close to the edge of the sand bar, in the smoothest water.

Wilson's Promontory is buffeted by the notorious winds of Bass Strait. This area has an average of 232 days a year with winds over 26 knots.

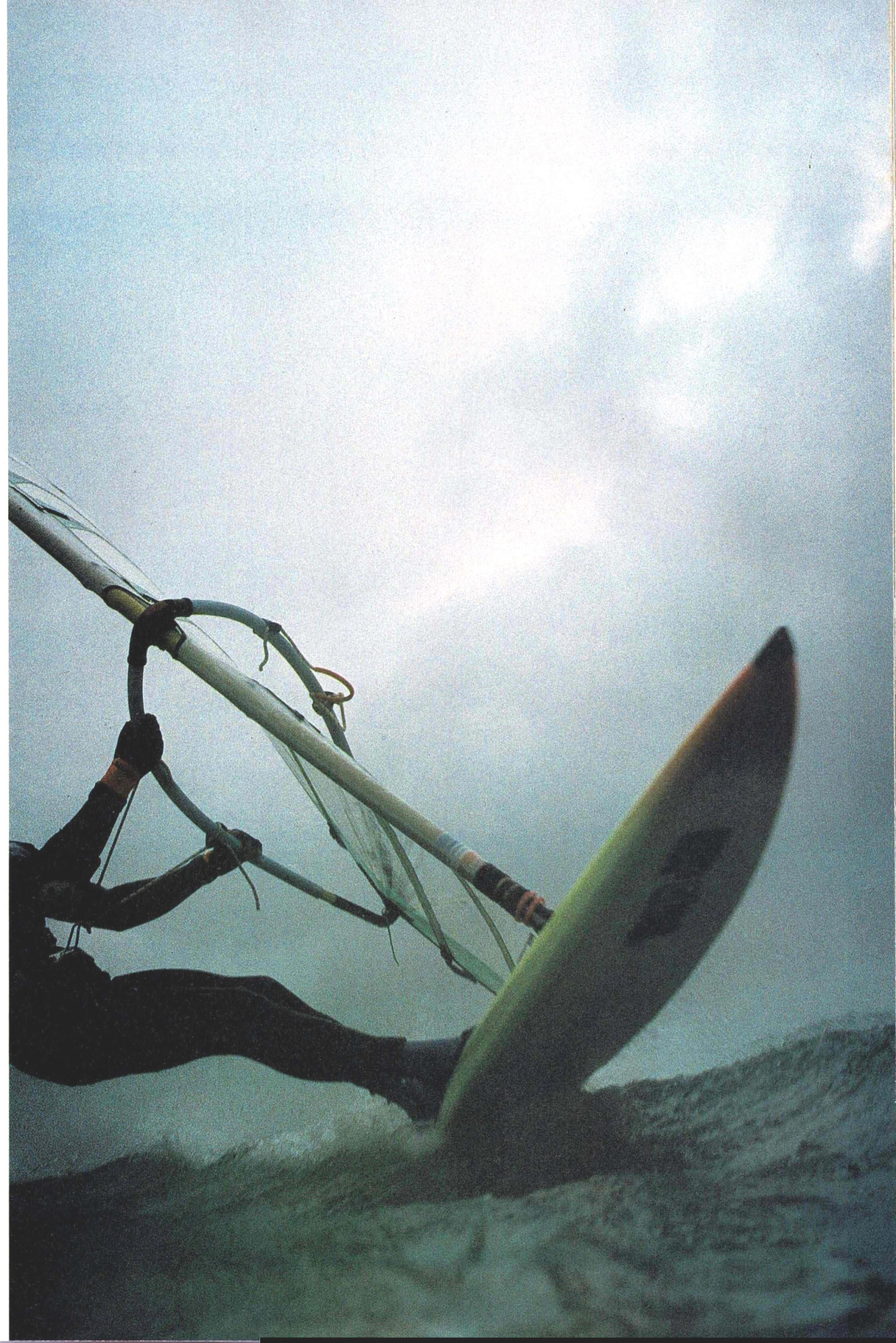
There's no-one out now and the view is eerie. Water fades into the sky in a grey-brown fog as spray and sand merge offshore. Organisers warn that bodies only will be rescued. Rigs are on their own. Helmets are mandatory. Okay. The course is open.

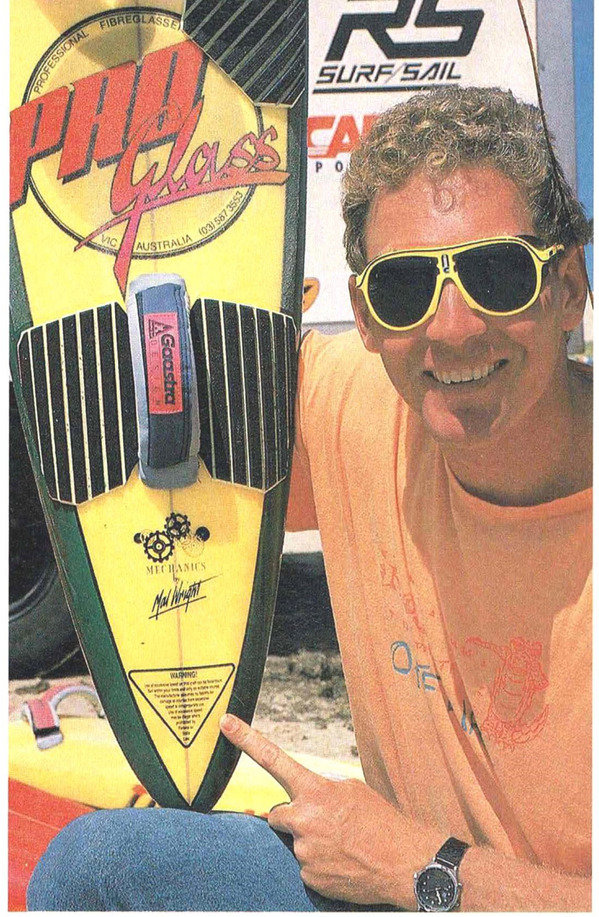
Malcolm Wright does a run. He's totally overpowered in 60 knots but keeps it all together and makes it down the course. Several others try — only two make it. Times are slow: too much wind, too much chop, too dangerous. The course is closed.

Eventually the wind can't hold the tide up any longer and the water is level with the sandbar and smooth as glass for one metre offshore, before being whipped into froth by the wind, which has abated to a marginally less insane 50 knots. The



This page, top: Wind reading in knots as the front approaches its peak; Centre: After the holocaust, equipment almost disappearing; Bottom: "Chop hopping" to heights of three metres — outrageous stuff. Opposite page: Near blackness in the middle of the day as the front sets in.





Left: The Day After — cleaner conditions, but no records. Above: Malcolm Wright, shaper of Time Machines, indicates the warning about the dangers of excessive speed.

GALE FORCE

course is reset, opened, and the slaughter begins.

Mal does a blistering run down the course, his board hissing over the glassy surface. He throws a jibe as he exits the far gate and reaches back to the start. He makes it look so possible, but reality soon takes over as other madmen leave the relative shelter in front of the sand dunes and sail into the wall of wind, which throws the unprepared into an involuntary barrel roll. One guy is pulled from the water four times after four attempts to reach the starting gate. A couple of the women also try, but this wind is ugly and merciless. Neither makes it.

Tragically, the timing gear wasn't ready during Mal's earlier runs. His first three — which everyone agrees were clearly the fastest — aren't timed. On his fourth run, as he flashes past the finish gate, the timing gear shows 11.9 seconds. The hill explodes with excitement: "That's over 41 knots!"

Competitors join the line with new determination and the course turns into a battlefield of speeding boards, struggling men and panic. It's like the Antarctic in a blizzard; everyone is leaning into the wind, protecting their eyes and gripping their rigs with white-knuckle desperation. Most won't risk the upwind run back to the start and drag their gear back up the beach. Sails and boards hover horizontally above the water as they are lifted then slammed down by the gusts. This is energy-sapping work in the soft sand and guys that make the trip are exhausted by the time they get back to the start of the course. Few of them try again.

Wipeouts are a tangle of arms, legs and equipment in an explosion of spray. Peter Dans, in one spectacular crash, destroys his mast and sail by punching through both with his helmeted head. Other bodies are catapulted and skip over the surface with machine gun puffs of spray; muscle and bone is rearranged, and bruises throb under rubber pressure bandages.

Sailors are getting slammed or being lifted into strange aerial gymnastic displays before gravity yanks them back to Earth. Volunteers are still pulling victims from the water before they get dragged out by the wind and tide. One lone sailor, refusing to leave his rig, is almost out of sight, desperately water-starting and getting slammed like a yoyo. He makes it back, eventually. Twenty thousand dollars worth of equipment is lost. Luckily, no-one is seriously hurt.

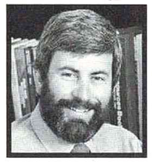
It's getting late. They're pulling up the timing posts and the course is bare as weary sailors dig their gear out of the brown landscape. The wind is still howling. The parking area is like a set in a slapstick movie. One guy with a board under his arm is chasing his other board down the beach. He puts down the one he's carrying and it chases him chasing the other one; two guys are trying to control a berserk sail as it whips the bonnet of a new Holden; doors are almost ripped off hinges when they're opened. One guy falls over three times as he's hit by gusts of wind. The food tent can only accommodate midgets and one body is plastered helplessly between his rig and a van. No-one can help because they're all holding down their own gear.

Fine sand has found its way into every hole and crevice. Eyes and ears are full of it and everything that moves makes a grinding sound. Cars leave tracks in the wet sand for the wind to fill as the sun sets. On the way to town, weird sights: the wind has stacked the cows against the fences, which are developing unhealthy bulges. Trees in town have been blown over and most of the tents in the caravan park are flattened, their contents strewn all over the grass in the rain.

That night the Bistro is packed and everyone is buzzing with excitement; even those who didn't sail are caught up in the exhilaration of the day. The results are posted. Twenty-three made it through the course. Only one of them topped 40 knots, and he did it on four of his six recorded runs. His fastest run was 41.93 knots — that's 78 km/h. Malcolm Wright is the fastest sailor of any kind in the world.

"There are a lot of sailors out there who've wanted to go over 40 knots for a long time," Wright exclaims. "They'll be here. They'll be here in droves — now they know it's the fastest place in the world."

At the time of writing it seemed likely that this world record would be ratified by another outfit, the International Windsurf Speed Association, subject to various technical checks on the timing equipment. That would be a nice outcome — but among the sailing fraternity it's not the important thing. They all know the Sultan of Speed is Malcolm Wright.



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

LOVE HER, HATE THEM

Must you tolerate her obnoxious friends?

She's fantastic: a great companion, fun, supportive, good looking and even better in bed. This is the relationship you could spend your life in. But oh, her friends! What a pack of boring creeps/pretentious snobs/juvenile dills. Or maybe the problem is her family. She must be the living disproof of all the laws of genetics and family influence. When you look at her and then at them, it's hard to believe they're related. But friends or family, she likes them, wants to do things with them and obviously believes you should, too. What can you do that won't cost you either the relationship or your sanity?

Let's get our expectations straight. It is not necessary, in order to have a successful love relationship with someone, that you and she think the same about everything and share the same likes. It is necessary that you share enough values to be reasonably comfortable with each other and enough interests to be able to enjoy doing things together reasonably often. It's by regularly sharing good times, especially just as a couple, that you will stay in love and keep your relationship rewarding and secure.

But a good relationship is not a prison, nor a barrier to personal development. In fact, a good relationship encourages you to be yourself, including pursuing your own interests, even if your partner does not share some of them. A good relationship involves striking a balance between sharing some values, interests and good times, and still being an individual free to do your own thing. The correct balance will vary for different relationships, but it's usually a requirement for a really successful relationship.

This balance between sharing and independence can apply just as much to friends or family as to any other part of your lives. It is not necessary that you both like the same people for you to have a successful relationship. It is desirable that you have enough friends in common to be able to share a social life as a couple, but that leaves you both plenty of room for individual friends as well.

If you don't like *any* of her existing friends, or if she doesn't like *any* of yours, you have a small task ahead of you—finding some new friends whom you both like. The best way of doing that would be to do some activities you both enjoy which give you the chance to meet people as well. Then you and they already have at least one common interest, the activity through which you met. Common interests are important for friendships because it's by sharing the good times of the activity that you build the friendships. The activity also provides you with conversation material.

Of course, if you are finding new friendships that you do both share, that necessarily means you will have less time for the old ones that you don't share. That will be a bit sad but it's a normal part of life to move in and out of some friendships, and for their role in your life to wax and wane.

"You should be able to negotiate an agreement that suits you both as to how much time you each spend in independent activities."

This does not mean that either of you should have to give up an old friendship, just because it isn't shared. Let's say you can't stand her old schoolfriend and you are bored to death by the giggling reminiscences they go on with when they get together. Then say so, tactfully but openly. If your relationship is to have any future, you should be building open communication, anyway. This is just another chance to practise it: "Look, I can see you really enjoy your friend's company but honestly, I don't. I'd like to suggest that keeping in touch with her is one of your independent activities. I really don't mind if you go out with her now and then without me. In fact, I could use an occasional evening myself to keep up with some of my old mates (or do whatever of your activities she does not want to share)."

Don't make the mistake of telling her whom she should like. We've already agreed that the two of you don't have to have identical likes. Neither of you needs to misinterpret this. Saying "I don't like your friend" does not have to mean "I don't like you" nor "I think you have poor taste in friends." It only needs to mean "I don't share your taste in this friend."

You can accept her point of view without surrendering your own. "Yeah, I can see you enjoy your old friends' company and that's fine by me. But I honestly don't like them and I don't want to pretend to. Let's just agree to differ about them." Having chosen not to share that part of her life, don't make the mistake of resenting it or being jealous of the time she spends with them. If your relationship is any good, you should be able to negotiate an agreement that suits you both as to how much time you each spend in independent activities, including with unshared friends.

It's a different kettle of fish if you have a strong and reasonable objection to some old friends of hers. For example, if you believe her friends are encouraging her to use illegal drugs or drink and drive or do something else you have a strong objection to, you may not be able to agree just to differ about that. Such a big difference in your and her values would probably predict future problems for the relationship, anyway.

It is also naturally a bit trickier where her family is concerned. You might agree that you should not be obliged to spend any time with her old friend who gets on your nerves, but it isn't quite so easy to agree that you spend no time with her family. If her family are being genuinely unreasonable, rude or aggressive towards you, then you might make such an agreement, but it is extreme and likely to put some strain on your relationship. In most cases you should be able to negotiate a workable balance, such as both of you visiting her family occasionally, and her spending other times with them without you.

Finally, don't make the times you choose to spend with her family (or old friends) harder for yourself than they have to be. If you convince yourself beforehand that it's going to be dreadful and then spend the whole time sulking in a corner, you are making some self-fulfilling predictions.

Also, beware of initial impressions. Although they are usually very influential and durable, they are also often wrong. Make the effort to join in and you might be pleasantly surprised. The trick here is to try some open-ended questions, like: "How do you spend your spare time?" rather than closed-ended questions, like: "Do you like football?" Open-ended questions give the other person a full chance to do the talking and give you your best chance of finding if you do have some common interests for conversation. Even if you find none, she should appreciate your effort to be friendly and that won't hurt your relationship. ○—□

SIX APPEAL

APB10795/A

TOO 0780

the EXPERIMENT

Wanita and Julie were working late at the lab. They were attempting to create the perfect aphrodisiac, a potent mixture of pheromones and chemicals distilled from oysters and caviar. The hours sped by and they grew more excited as every minute crept closer to discovery.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Finally, they sampled the colorless substance in the test tube. Minutes later, tired as they were, they became fired with a desperate need. They turned to each other like hungry animals, throwing off their white coats and glasses, and pressing flesh against flesh, pubic mound against pubic mound. They made love all through the long, wild night, till morning when they slept, naked in each other's arms.

mean machine

BY PETER McKAY

The Nissan GT-R could make every touring car before it eat dust

PHOTOS BY BILL FORSYTHE

The mean, mean fighting machine you see here has, since these pictures were taken and this story written, been turned into a racecar, soon to hit the track to do battle with the swarms of Ford Sierras which have been chewing up and spitting out the opposition in local touring car racing for the last two seasons. This is the Nissan GT-R. Armageddon on wheels. The Japanese call it, with no lack of respect, *obakemono* — monster! This is a reflection not of its appearance — it is indeed a strong, attractive car — but more an acknowledgement of its performance.

Viewed from the front it comes at you like Jaws, that yawning space beneath the front bumper designed to gulp air into a huge intercooler before satisfying the voracious appetites of the two ceramic Garrett turbochargers. From any angle, though, it has appeal, full of contours and rounded edges. Masculine and aggressive.

The GT-R is really an automotive statement by Nissan, a company that until recently had its share of detractors. But in two short years Japan's slumbering number two carmaker has roared out of the darkness to take up a position as a technological innovator. Now, with the complex and devastatingly effective GT-R, Nissan is seeking to legitimise its daring Nineties engineering. At the same time the idea was to produce a tough speedster capable of making every touring car before it eat dust.

And there is certainly no mistaking its impact; it is a car that has rocked the auto world.

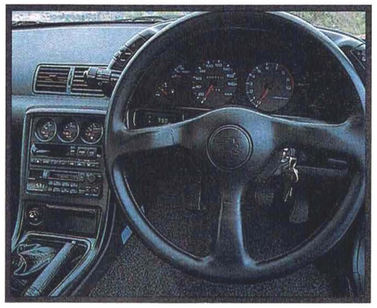
The new super coupe´ was the talk of Japan when introduced last year and the good vibes were quickly picked up by well-heeled rev-heads here. Bemused Nissan marketing fellas have been fielding calls from smitten would-be buyers at the rate of four a day since the first sketchy details appeared in local magazines. One insistent gent was prepared to place an order and slap down deposits on four GT-Rs. Anxious potential purchasers included several *Quite Famous People.*

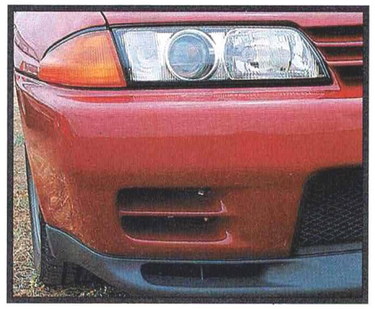
At present just four GT-Rs have been freighted here and all will finish up wearing the warpaint of a touring car. Perhaps you spotted the maroon machine on these pages in another role, as the clerk of the course car at the Australian Grand Prix back in November. Yep, that was the machine that whisked Nigel Mansell off to the infirmary at a great rate of knots, after he spun and clouted the concrete with his Ferrari during the pre-race warm-up.

Nissan Australia still hasn't decided if the GT-R will be imported here. Some execs are keen that it be sold in Oz; others are not sure they want such a savage beast in their neighborhood. The argument rages on but the betting is that we could see it early next year. The price would be in the order of $80,000 but even at this money there will be a stampede if it gets the green light . . .

Check out its firepower: a twin turbocharged and intercooled 2.6-litre twin cam 24-valve straight six, pumping out 209 kilo-Watts, equal to about 280 horsepower in the old currency. There has been a suggestion that Nissan is being conservative here, to appease the government watchdogs. How does 300 horsepower sound? Torque, at 360 Newton metres, is no less impressive.

The awesome under-bonnet arsenal is just part of the GT-R's juicy hi-tech specifi-





machine

cations. Four-wheel drive, four-wheel steer, anti-lock braking. Nissan, producing the most stylish car in Japan at present, is clearly going all out to show it can blow away rivals like Honda with its technological benchmarks. Attention to detail is astonishing. Beneath that lustrous metallic paintwork are aluminium fenders and bonnet. Suspension is all independent, with a multilink rear end. Huge ventilated disc brakes complete the stopping package.

To demonstrate its all-round capabilities to the sceptical Europeans, Nissan recently put the GT-R around the Nurburgring circuit in a time equal to that of Honda's as yet unreleased NS-X slingshot, a car aimed right at the Ferrari market.

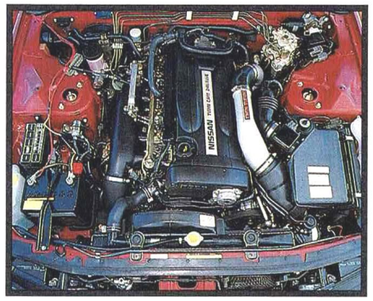
If Europe remained defiantly unconvinced, then this lack of conviction lasted only as long as it took to pitch a Porsche 944 Turbo against the Nissan.

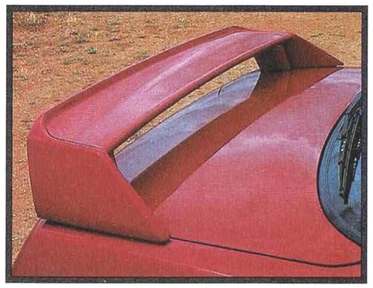
Rocketing from rest with nary a hint of wheelspin, the GT-R flashed to 100km/h in a mere 5.5 seconds en route to a 400 metres time of — holy toledo — 13.9 seconds. The Porsche 944 Turbo, by comparison, hit 100 km/h in a leisurely 6.6 seconds and was 0.9 seconds slower over the standing 400 metres than the Nissan master blaster.

Maximum speeds in gears are 71 km/h, 117 km/h, 174 km/h, 225 km/h and who-knows-what in top. With a 8000 rpm redline, theoretically, max is around 275 km/h.

The figures tell a startling story, but this is only part of it. The sophisticated GT-R demands closer technical scrutiny. Traction is its strong suit. The GT-R employs a variable torque split all-wheel drive system featuring a computer controlled multiplate clutch, which varies the front-to-rear torque split depending on vehicle speed and even sideways cornering forces. Drive to the front wheels is reduced as lateral acceleration increases, so understeer or front-end pushing is minimal and traditional rear-wheel drive handling traits are somehow combined with the stability and grip of four-wheel drive.

Nissan team boss Fred Gibson explains that the GT-R is essentially a rear-wheel-drive car with the added ability to re-direct some of its excess power to the front wheels. It is difficult to simplify the technology in the GT-R because it is a complicated engineering package.





"The go will be to be smooth entering the corners, settle the car down, then fire it out the other end."

Speed-sensing Super-HICAS four-wheel steering works by hydraulic pressure, with the angle of the rear wheels determined by the angle through which the steering wheel is turned, and vehicle speed. At cruising speeds the rear wheels turn in the same direction as the front, while at low speeds they move in an opposite direction for better manoeuvrability.

A few energetic laps bustling around Adelaide International Raceway confirmed the GT-R's uncommonly tenacious grip into and out of corners. The absence of wheelspin is unnerving; none of the power is wasted — most of it dispatched to the rear tyres, with some going via the front tyres.

Vices? None, unless stunning acceleration and cruising at warp speed fall into this category. The cockpit is worthy of mention too. Spacious and sculptured and integrated, it matches any design out of Europe with all the style and comfort of a BMW or Audi.

In the interests of simplicity, the four-wheel steering won't be used on the racing GT-R touring cars. Says Gibson: "Our Japanese cohorts are using it and they tell us it is very effective on tight corners, but not so advantageous on the faster turns. We won't use it, certainly early into the GT-R race program, but we may do some development of the 4WS later in the year."

Jim Richards, who will be the first of the Nissan drivers to race the new car this season, is expecting to have to adopt a quite different driving technique to compensate for the variable four-wheel drive. "The go will be to be smooth entering the corners, settle the car down, and then fire it out the other end," he says. How the constant four-wheel drive race car will fare remains the million dollar question. No-one has used one in touring car competition until now. For sure it will be brilliant on wet surfaces, but the gods won't be kind at every race. Getting the car to work well in the dry will be a matter of experimenting. "The Japanese have told us the rear/front torque split is around 80/20. The maximum is 70/30," volunteers Gibson. This suggests that the dreaded understeer shouldn't be chronic.

Gibson will be disappointed if the twin-turbo Nissans don't have 600 very reliable horses when they go racing. This will give the GT-R a power edge over the pacesetting Dick Johnson Sierras; however, on the down side, the Nissan will be heavier. Power-to-weight ratios of the Ford and Nissan will probably be very similar.

The GT-R will follow BMW's lead with a six-speed gearbox, designed and made in Melbourne by engineer Peter Holinger. The Nissan race car will also be fitted with six-spot caliper AP brakes on 15-inch vented discs. "The car will stop on a thruppence," laughs Gibson. And because the GT-R has a bigger engine and is therefore heavier than the Sierra, it can wear wider wheels and tyres, which will help the process of putting 600 horsepower to the deck. It should be a ball-tearer of a contest.

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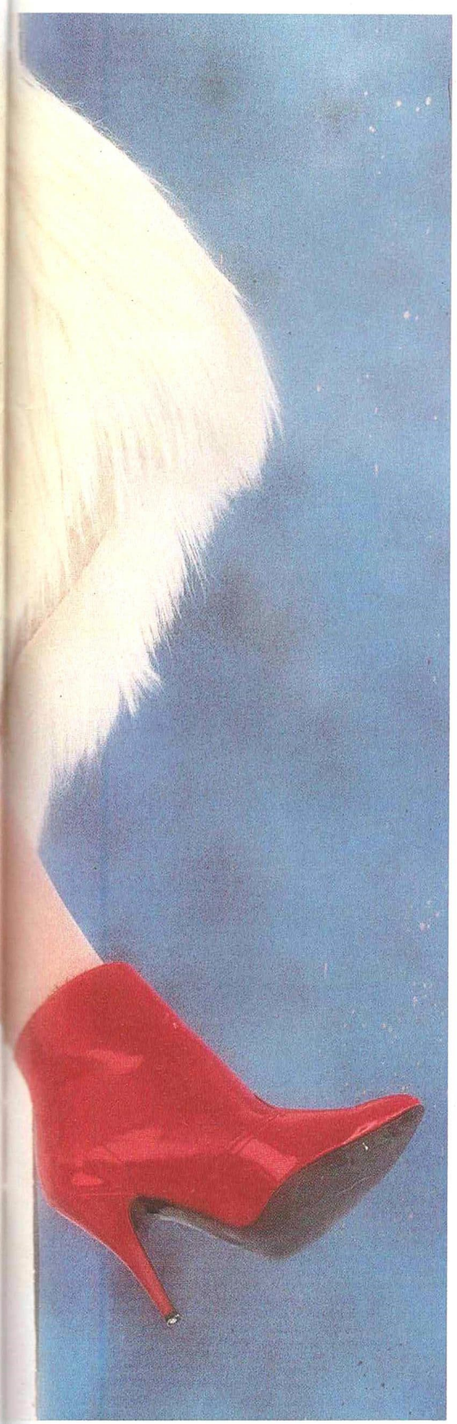
Samantha Adams, 23, has a personality with the power of a force ten gale. She is as bubbly and vivacious as Goldie Hawn on speed, and her body also packs a mighty punch. God was smiling when he made Ms Adams — she genuinely has it all. "I'm a real party person. I love meeting new people. Even when I was a kid I was always entertaining friends and relatives with some new antics."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

Star quality

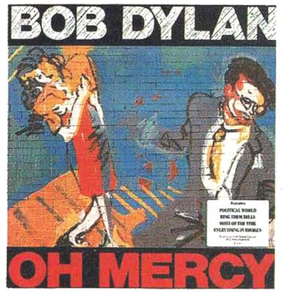
Samantha wants to become an actress on stage and screen. She is studying to perfect her craft and has already had roles in several plays. "Acting is my element, my milieu. It's something that comes naturally to me. There was never any question in my mind that I would do anything else." With such star quality we expect Samantha will naturally assume the spotlight everywhere she goes.



As far as the male of the species is concerned Samantha is very definitely single, but she's not actively seeking a companion. "I find it's always an accident meeting someone you like. Falling in love or lust is not something you can look for — it just happens, and when it does you know it."

SOUNDS

Michael Hutchence (on holidays from INXS) and prominent music identity **Ollie Olsen** have already flapped their wings in public with the "Rooms For The Memory" soundtrack from *Dogs In Space*. To achieve the full *Max Q* (CBS) effect Ollie's band of positive affirmees, No, were drafted into this current project. Mr Olsen brings out the butch in MH with his often angular song constructions. Busy and jagged drum machine parts underpin funky guitar noodling, dense sampled overlays, and vocals barked with suitable aggression. Not exactly fashionable nihilism, but the lads obviously belong to the same glee club that Matt Johnson of the The subscribes to. They don't have Margaret Thatcher to react to directly, just the "Way Of The World" in general — "Whether it's God or the bomb it's just the same, it's only fear under another

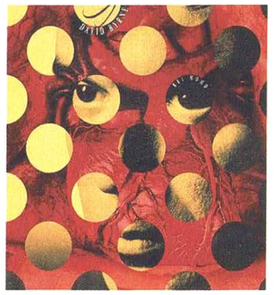


name." "Ghost Of The Year" and "Concrete" have an overt tunefulness, but elsewhere the insistent edge is matched by the imagery — sometimes forced in its search for significance.

A quarter of a century on and there's now a sense of resigned wisdom to the message of justice through humanity of **Bob Dylan** on *Oh Mercy* (Columbia). Producer Daniel Lanois (Eno, U2, Neville Brothers) enlisted players from the Neville Brothers and the result is a gentle, translucent feel that allows the big D to be the most personal (even sensual) "Man In The Long Black Coat" he has been for years. He still digs his melancholy moccasin into the rump of collective greed and conceit.

Recognising and glorifying source material has had some fine exponents of late with **Peter Gabriel** (*Passion*) and now **David Byrne** with his two compilations of Brazilian classics. *O Samba* (Sire) is the second in the series and pays homage to the South American samba (from the Angolan "to touch belly buttons while dancing"). If this disc doesn't help you to a "timeless, communal otherworld, a floating ethereal cycle that is both rooted in biological rhythms and in the beyond or the metabiological", then you are probably clinically dead from the waist down. As for Byrne on his own *Rei Momo* (Sire), he is as eclectic and rootless as the urban psyche he constantly mines for his inspiration. In the early days of Talking Heads he sang in his manic warble of living in the big smoke as being like "Life During Wartime." Restating paranoias and dilemmas doesn't necessarily exorcise these demons. So, sick of being on a road to nowhere, Byrne feels if we really "wanna live in a dirty old town, building it up, tearing us down" then we need his "Make Believe Mambo" where "everyone's happy, everyone's free." Byrne continues musically to canonise the South American idiom though fruit hats are not his style.

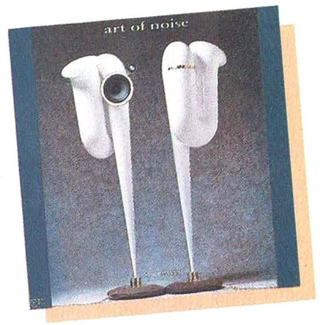
The Art Of Noise (now a duo) go back to their roots as their electronic pump aims directly *Below The Waste* (Polygram). Their toots sport a decided South African flavor but actually get no further than Malcolm McLaren, first coming together as they did for his *Duck Rock* album. The opening cry "Yebo!" features Mahlathini and Mahotella Queens ("the Beatles of South Africa"), but the second, "Catwalk", echoes McLaren's own Vogue dancing. AON cling to their anonymity and predilection for essentially instrumental music, though the mechanised Max Headroom and steam-driven Tom Jones have fronted this combo in past projects. The duo are engagingly schizophrenic, going from the classical/pastoral soundtrack "Island" to "Back To Back" with its heavy metal, minus screaming, vocals and guitar. In between there are Sowetan guitar changes and chants while "Finale" gushes with real strings and sonorous woodwind.



HUTCH TO THE MAX

Clockwise from far left: Oh Mercy, wise and gentle stuff from Bob Dylan; Renaissance man David Byrne pays homage to South America on Rei Momo and (below) O Samba; A Third World musical melange from Art Of Noise.

Those with brain cells left from the Seventies may remember Henry Maas as part of the local (and European) cabaret icons the Busby Berkleys. Big on showmanship but never famous for his singing, Henry has nevertheless gathered a troupe of jazz-based younger guns under the guise of **Bachelors From Prague.** Initially the band was happy to wade saxaphone deep in their cappuccinos in fashionable inner-city Melbourne. Their second album *Birth Of The Fool* (Polygram) has been accompanied with more "serious" touring. On stage their cool personas (jazz suits and ties) are quickly blown as the band explodes into a collective frenzy, goaded on by ringmaster Maas. On disc Maas sounds like Dudley Doright with a head cold, though on "Its A Lie" he could be accused of singing. "The Irvin Rockman Affair" is like The Shadows — after several bottles of Tequila — attempting "Peter Gunn" and "It Ain't Necessarily So." Usually, though, the band, mostly from the bebop cabaret school, shuffle their own jazz cool above and beyond the terminal reserve of the likes of Vince Jones. — *Jeremy Cook*



THE INVISIBLE GAG

Continued from page 39

Mr Justice Ferguson of the NSW Supreme Court said in 1928. The fact that Education Minister Tom Mutch was a wife-beater, the judge ruled, was a private matter.

Though that was 60 years ago, all today's judges are sensitive to the gulf between statesmen and judges on the bench and statesmen and judges on the bottle. But the private man and the public man are one. To the extent that the law prevents us from knowing that our leaders are alcoholics or wife-beaters or gamblers with an untreatable habit, it shuts off knowledge which is not only politically germaine, but which in the human sense is interesting. The knowledge that our leaders are fallible humans as we are is essential in a working democracy and a safeguard against hubris: a head of government permitted the illusion that his public persona is flawless is too dangerous to trust with anything.

Edward Smith Hall, the crusading editor of the *Sydney Monitor* who was jailed four times for libel in the 1820s as he struggled for the liberties of the people, made the complaint which every editor since has made: "It is harrassing to a man's mind and occupies a deal of his time to be caught up for libel . . . It is a sorry gratification to a writer to get off in these prosecutions."

All right: what can we do about it?

The NSW Government is reviewing the law. Attorney-General John Dowd, reacting to the record awards recently made by courts both in Australia and England, said the Liberal Government is considering taking damages out of juries' hands, limiting damages for wounded feelings, and increasing the size of libel juries from four to 12.

Let us encourage the government to enact real reform which other states will follow.

Let us have a law which *really* goes to reputation and will not countenance the obscene spectacle of public figures suing for damage to their public reputations and then settling in secret.

Let us make the law quick and conciliatory so that when a wrong is done it is remedied immediately and not years later, as is the case now.

Let us say that when Nick Greiner or Alan Bond or Joh Bjelke-Petersen or Bob Hawke complains of words wounding them, the burden of proof of the actual and precise extent of that damage will be on them.

Let us confine the remedies for libel to court-ordered corrections. Let us say that damages will *only* be available for deliberate lies. Accidental falsehood, because it is inevitable in public debate, must be protected or the gag of self-censorship which so distorts Australia's conversation will be reapplied. Deliberate falsehood, however, clearly does not deserve and should not attract the protection of the law.

This reform simply takes the reform recommended ten years ago by the Australian Law Reform Commission under Justice Michael Kirby one step further by substituting corrections for damages in all cases except deliberate lying. (Michael Kirby would have preferred court-ordered corrections, not available now, and damages side by side.)

This would make it possible for journalists to publish, for example, much of the material uncovered by the Fitzgerald Commission Of Inquiry.

It would make it possible for journalists to become what Edward Smith Hall thought his *Monitor* should be: a "perpetual commission of inquiry" on behalf of the people.

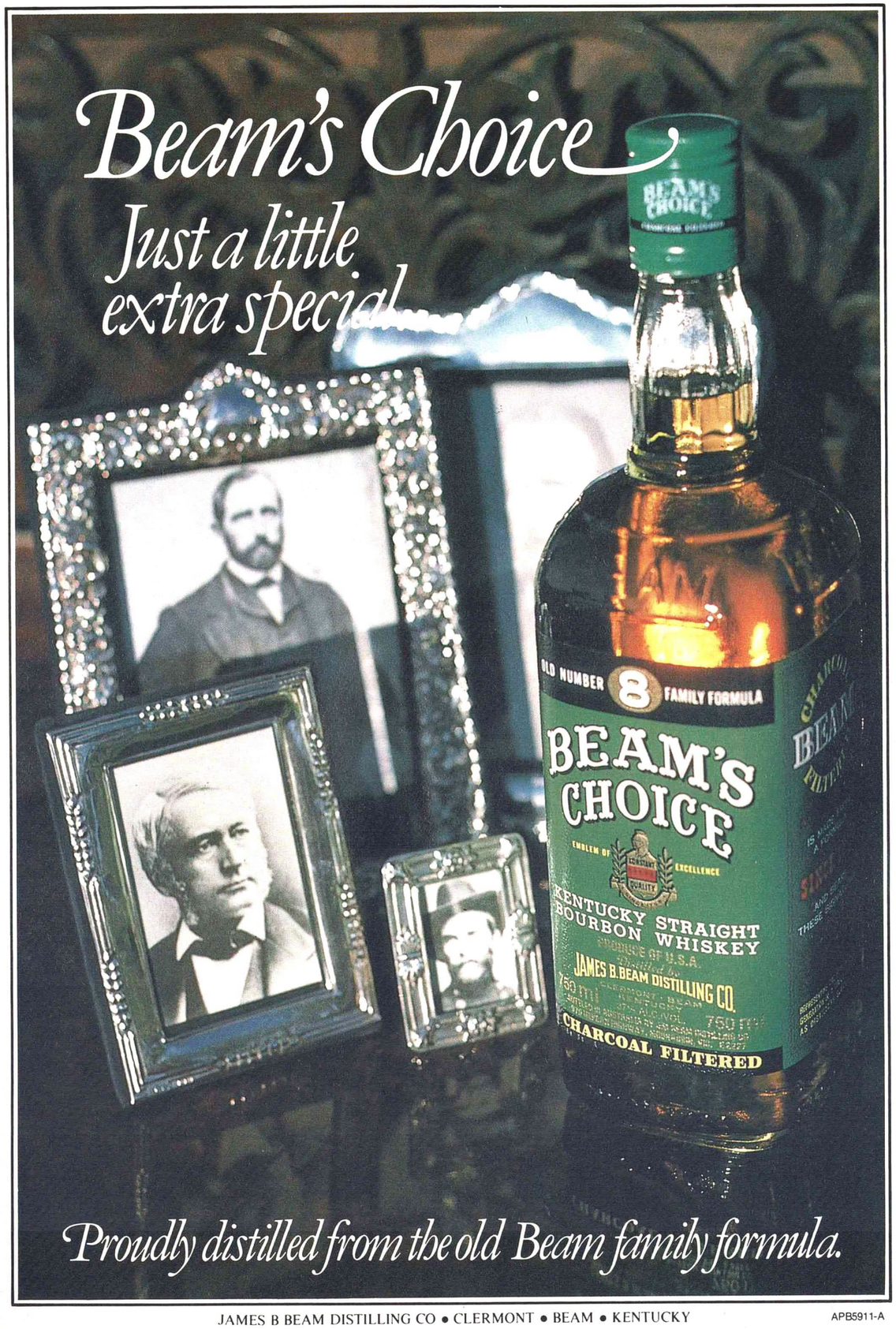
It would enable historians and biographers and playwrights and novelists and poets to write their versions of the truths of our country and its people.

It would remove the comprehensive gag of self-censorship.

It would cause the "defamation industry" to collapse.

It would permit us for the first time to speak freely and to listen freely; we would then face the struggle of learning how to do so. ○⊢

'It's so beautifully done — the eye follows you all around the room . . ."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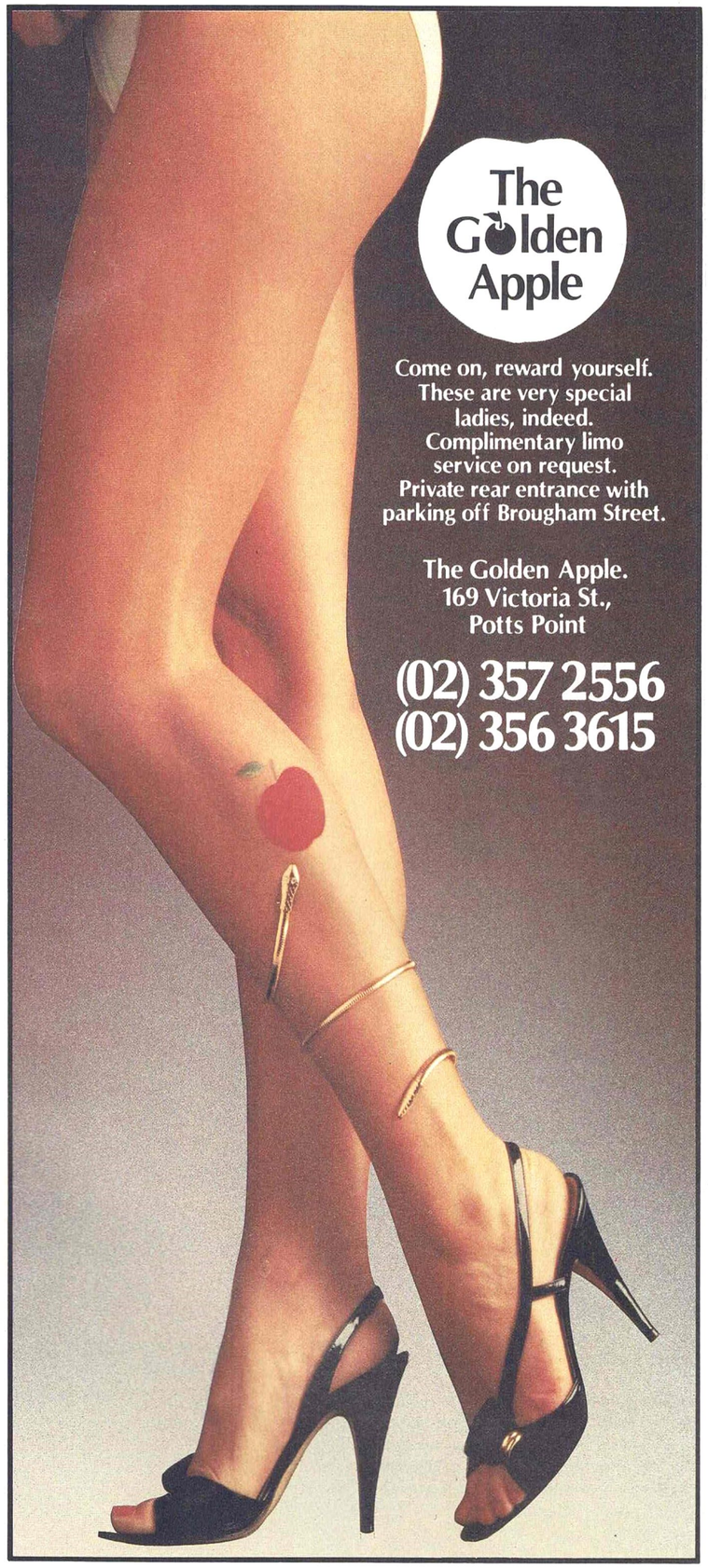
dutch treatise

Oftentimes, expanding one's horizon can lead to very pleasing results. In this issue, we charted a course for Holland and dropped anchor when we discovered Diana Van Gils. A professional dancer, 18-year-old Diana says she loves inventing new routines. "If you stick with the same old theme, people get bored. I'd rather shake them up!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

Diana spends her free time designing and sewing her own clothes. "I make all my own costumes for work," she says. "The more outrageous the style, the better! Who wants to wear what hundreds of women already own when you have a chance to be original?"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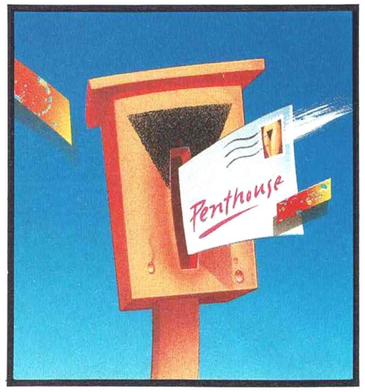


FORUM

Continued from page 17

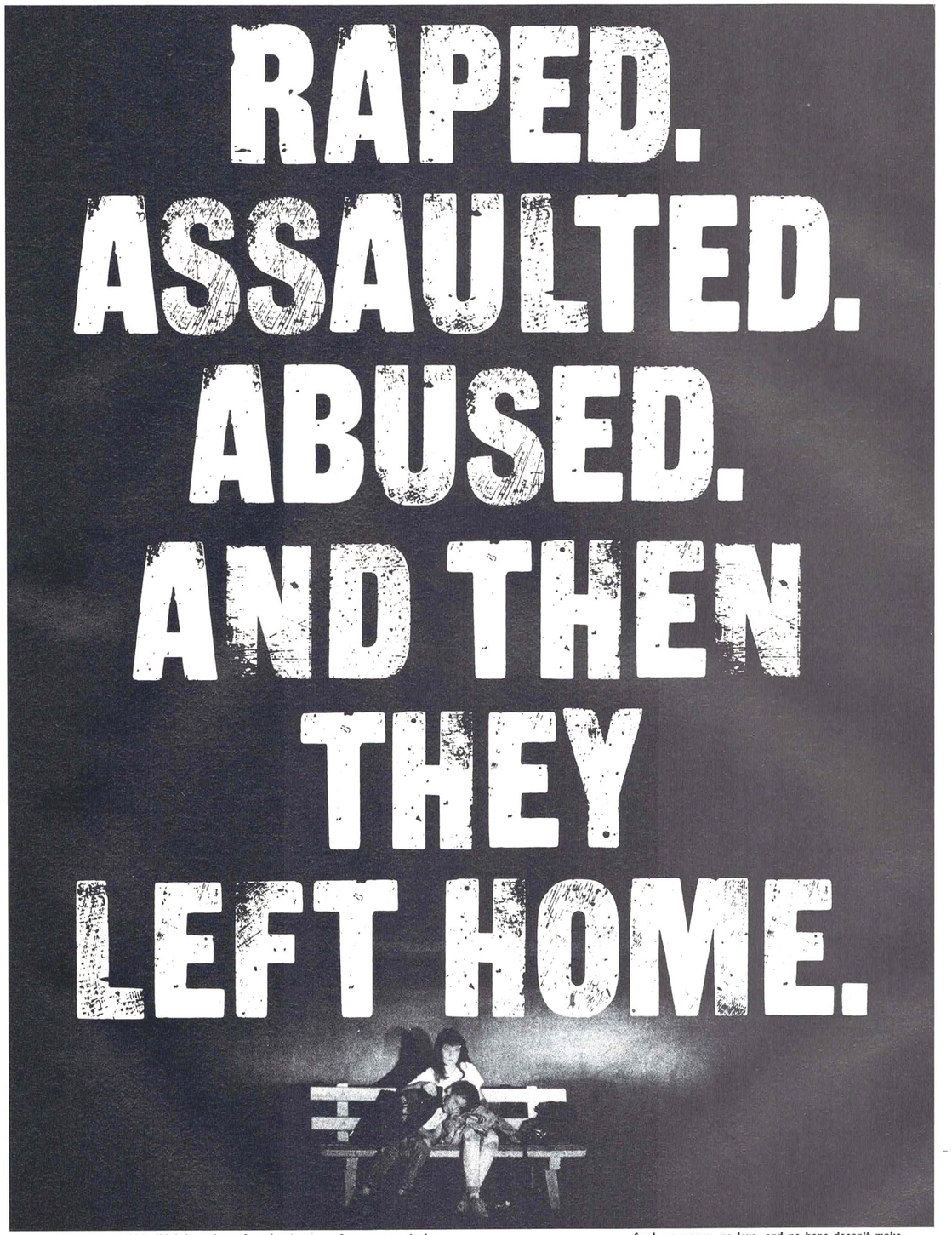
She seemed to really open up, and we got to know each other quite well. After several conversations, I got a little bold. Never expecting to meet her, I brought up the subject of sex. Gradually I began asking her more explicit questions while commenting a little on my own experiences, when I used to play cricket for a living.

About three months passed, and my company decided it was time to send me back to headquarters for some training. Before I left, I called Zoe. We picked up our conversation where it had left off, and arranged to meet. Since I had no idea what she looked like, I was both apprehensive and excited, though it crossed my mind that I might not like her. We made plans for her to pick me up at the airport, and when I set eyes on her, I decided not to back out. She was gorgeous. She is of Greek descent, about five foot two, with dark hair and eyes to complement her olive-colored skin.

We had dinner that night, then proceeded up to my hotel room. Both of us were nervous yet excited beyond comprehension. At first we tried some small talk, but I couldn't wait to taste this lovely young flower's nectar. I dove in head-first, going for her luscious mouth. I unbuttoned her blouse slowly and discovered a very sexy black bra. Her breasts were very firm. While kissing and nibbling her neck, I unfastened her bra, and her pert, medium-sized titties sprang to life. After a few minutes we were fully undressed except for our underwear. The look of a woman with dark hair and black lacy underwear makes me so horny, I can't control myself.

My cock was fully erect, and I can't remember it ever being so hard. It was standing straight up, poking its massive head above my jockey shorts. When Zoe saw what she was doing to me, she went nuts and attacked me, jumping my bones — and my boner.

"I've got to have that huge thing in my mouth," she said. I told her that I would gladly be her love slave. Her wish was my command. As we got into position for some



Most street kids didn't leave home for adventure. They left home to survive.

Their parents having committed atrocities no publication like this could rightly print.

Alas, it was out of the frying pan into the fire.

Many street children are now reduced to selling their bodies and stealing just to pay for their Heroin addictions.

Many spend the night in parks (sleeping in a bed of newspapers is no bed of roses). Or squats. Or sewerage drains.

Help is at hand, however. The Lady Mayoress has just set up the Breakthrough Programme.

It's not just a hand-out or a place to sleep, it's a complete program staffed by experts, to rehabilitate the kids, both mentally and physically.

But we need money to run it. Lots. And you can help there, we know you can.

Go on. Send off a donation now.

If the thought of homeless children with no food, no money, no love, and no hope doesn't make you want to help Sydney's street kids, think of them stealing your video recorder.

Please accept my tax deductible donation to save Sydney's 12,000 street kids.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____ **Postcode** _____

To: Lady Mayoress' Relief Fund, Town Hall, Sydney 2000.

FORUM

good ol' sixty-nine, I finally got to taste her nectar. She took my love tool in both her hands and started giving me head till I though I would die. After about ten minutes of swapping juices, I rolled her over and slowly pushed my throbbing member inside her inch by inch. She was so tight, I thought I was going to come right there and then. To my delight, however, I was able to hold back for a while. After fucking her lights out for a few minutes in the good ol' missionary position, I raised her legs over my shoulders, and she took me to the hilt. As I hit bottom on this beauty, I got so turned on that I came. My come squirted with such force that when it was over, I collapsed. It was the most intense orgasm of my life.

We slept for a couple of hours, but at about three in the morning, we awoke to find ourselves ready for another fuckfest. Afterwards we talked about some of our fantasies. I told her that I had never fucked anyone who shaved her entire pussy. That's when she slipped out of bed and told me to wait right there. Meanwhile, I fell asleep. About 45 minutes later, she came back with a clean-shaven pussy. I immediately drove my tongue into her delicious honeysuckle. I loved it, and by her reaction, she thoroughly enjoyed it, too. After a few minutes, she started bucking, and she came with a loud moan. I jumped up, revealing my big, purple dick, and immediately turned her over to fuck her doggy style. I rammed my cock inside her to the hilt, and about four or five minutes later, I pulled out and came all over her back. My tool in hand, I rubbed my come into her back and arse.

Zoe and I have seen each other on every business trip that I have taken to the East Coast. We talk on the phone occasionally and try to think of new ways to add excitement to our next encounter. She has promised me that next time she is going to bring a friend with her. — *Name and address withheld*

After the heartache

I am a 19-year-old student who had never experienced a Forum fantasy until last week. High school was a critical and important time in my life. I'd expected the final school dance to be the best time of my life, but I was left with disappointment. I even had trouble finding a date until my best friend, Dave, suggested I take his sister (a year younger than me) to the dance. Even though Dave's sister, Mary, was popular in school and very good-looking, I didn't like the idea of going out with my best friend's sister. I was too worried what other people would think. Well, anyway, I took Mary to the dance and had a terrible time. I'm sure Mary had a great time socialising with other guys instead of me. The night ended pretty rockily when Dave took his sister home after the taxi dropped Dave, his girl, Mary, and me at a friend's house. I went into the house and cried, feeling that I wasn't appreciated.

It took me almost three months to get over that nightmare. I hadn't spoken to Dave ever since that night, but last week, one year later, I decided to patch things up with them. I found Mary at home while her brother was at work. I couldn't believe how her beautiful developed body and her soft, summer-blonde hair caught my crotch's attention. I was also stunned by the fine shape of her arse when she turned and went to the kitchen to get me a drink. She handed me the drink and sat next to me on the lounge. I felt a surge in my shorts and caught Mary staring at my bulge. She smiled, apologised for ruining my evening, and promised to repay me for that night. Then she reached over and caressed my dick as I softly moaned. I felt guilty because she is Dave's sister, but I did want to be "repaid." Mary and I went upstairs to her bedroom and got undressed. I went down between her legs and massaged her inner thighs and then her hot and moist pussy, gently thrusting my fingers into her cunt.

Mary moaned with pleasure and promises of repayment. I kissed her passionately on the lips and then slowly sucked her firm tits, moving down to kiss her hot wet pussy. First I slowly darted my tongue into her pleasure palace. Then I licked and sucked with all my might as hot juices gushed all over my face. On her knees, Mary grabbed hold of my seven-inch cock, teasing my manhood like crazy with her tongue and her fingers. "Put it in your mouth!" I said.

Giving me a wink, Mary skilfully took the top of my cock into her mouth and began going up and down very fast. It was a very intense moment as I pulled her head closer. I was fucking her face with delight. Right before I was about to shoot, I jammed my dick into Mary's pussy. It was so wet and wild. On her back, Mary strapped her legs around my waist as I gave her the ride of her life. I rhythmically pumped her until we both soared into ecstasy. We both came together, and I fell in her arms and tongued her mouth uncontrollably. We made a date for later that weekend, which went very well, and are now going out on a steady basis. Come to think of it, the high school dance wasn't such a big deal. — *Name and address withheld*

Rough rider

My name is Keri. I had no idea of what to expect when I decided to go on a trip to Wonderland with my fellow employees. Fucking other grocery-store workers certainly wasn't at the top of my list – at least not any higher than normal. For most of my time at the park I went on rides with my friend Tammy, but I always kept my attention on one particular employee, Tom, who worked in the smallgoods department. I'd never spoken with him at work, however I frequently had a very good view of his tight end while he stacked the shelves with fresh hams and cabanossi sticks.

Tammy was well aware of my interest in Tom – in fact, she admitted telling him my desires. Tammy was nowhere to be found when Tom approached me while I was in line for a gut-churning ride in which people are spun around at high speeds and pinned against the wall. By the boldly confident manner in which Tom introduced himself, I knew Tammy had revealed my lust for him. He asked me if I'd let him butt into the line with me. No sooner had I permitted his seemingly casual intrusion when I felt his fin-

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

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FORUM

gers clawing at my arse. I knew this was going to be an extraordinary ride.

This was the first time I had seen Tom up close. His glowing, golden tan accentuated his bright blonde hair, which was cut short – except for the back, which was longer and kept in a small ponytail. His powerful physique bulged with muscles – an inevitable result of his hours of rugby playing. He wore a blue tank top and black shorts that barely covered his crotch. Some girls say that they're turned off by supershort shorts, but personally, it really makes my juices flow.

I felt confident that I would discover Tom's bodily treasures when I saw him fixated on my entrancing body: my large nipples peeked through my bikini top, barely concealing my 38Ds. I'm not one to brag, but I'm very proud to flaunt my shapely form. I've satisfied many men with my petite, yet well and fully shaped body. I was hoping Tom, too, would join the ranks of those who've savored the tangy juices of my natural blonde twat.

Tom had a large staff of fairy floss in his hand and asked me if I wanted to share it with him. We ate the stuff together in line as I sat on Tom's lap. I felt his member rapidly swelling in his shorts, so I made certain to rotate my buttocks around the hard centre of his lap. Tom didn't seem at all embarrassed by the situation – actually, he caused his penis to throb rhythmically against my bottom. He managed to nibble open my bikini top, and before I was able to journey my hand around his throbbing beast, both his hands were squeezing eagerly at my supple breasts. His muscular fingers brought my big nipples to rocky hardness. I knew Tom could tell I was yearning for penetration, for he slipped one of his hands under my mini-skirt. My labia were covered with juice – I must have soaked his lap. I felt an orgasm approaching when it was our turn for the ride. Seemingly, our sexual ride would have to wait for later, I thought. Fortunately, my wait wasn't long at all.

Tom picked up his fairy floss wand and led me into the ride. I told him food was not permitted on the ride, but he told me not to worry about the uneaten sugar cotton since he didn't give a shit about rules and always liked to get his way. We found two adjacent slots and the walls began spinning. Tom stared at my breasts and saw that I was still hot. As the ride spun faster, Tom rolled over on top of me – obviously unconcerned with what others thought. The strobe lights began to kick in; the music began to blare, as did Tom's penis. He ripped off my top with Doberman-like ferocity, mashing his lips all over my sweating tits. The crowd seemed ignorant of our actions as all others cried in terror over the ride. I began gasping in heavy breaths as I snatched his fiery-hot cock. His cock-head felt like warm velvet, and I realised my man was uncircumcised – the barbarian! He had the most unique prick I'd ever stroked – its shaft was only slightly abnormally long, but its width was unbelievable, like a tree stump.

My vagina was convulsing as I neared orgasm sooner than I'd ever done before. My thighs were dripping wet as I cried out, longing for his penis. Tom tried to quiet me by stuffing my face with fairy floss. Expecting to be rammed by Tom's warhead, I was unsure whether or not my vaginal cavity would welcome the experience.

Others on the ride seemed not to notice, or else were too embarrassed to say or do anything about the lascivious liaison we were engaged in. Their screams of frightened excitement blended perfectly with my moans and Tom's outburst of laughter.

In the past, rides made me sick. This ride proved no different for me. A slight sensation of nausea mixed agreeably with the hot tingling sensation inside my thighs.

Meanwhile, I was slowly massaging the circumference of Tom's dick the best I could. I felt that I needed two hands to perform that task adequately, but my left hand was pressed firmly to the wall, due to the centrifugal force of the ride.

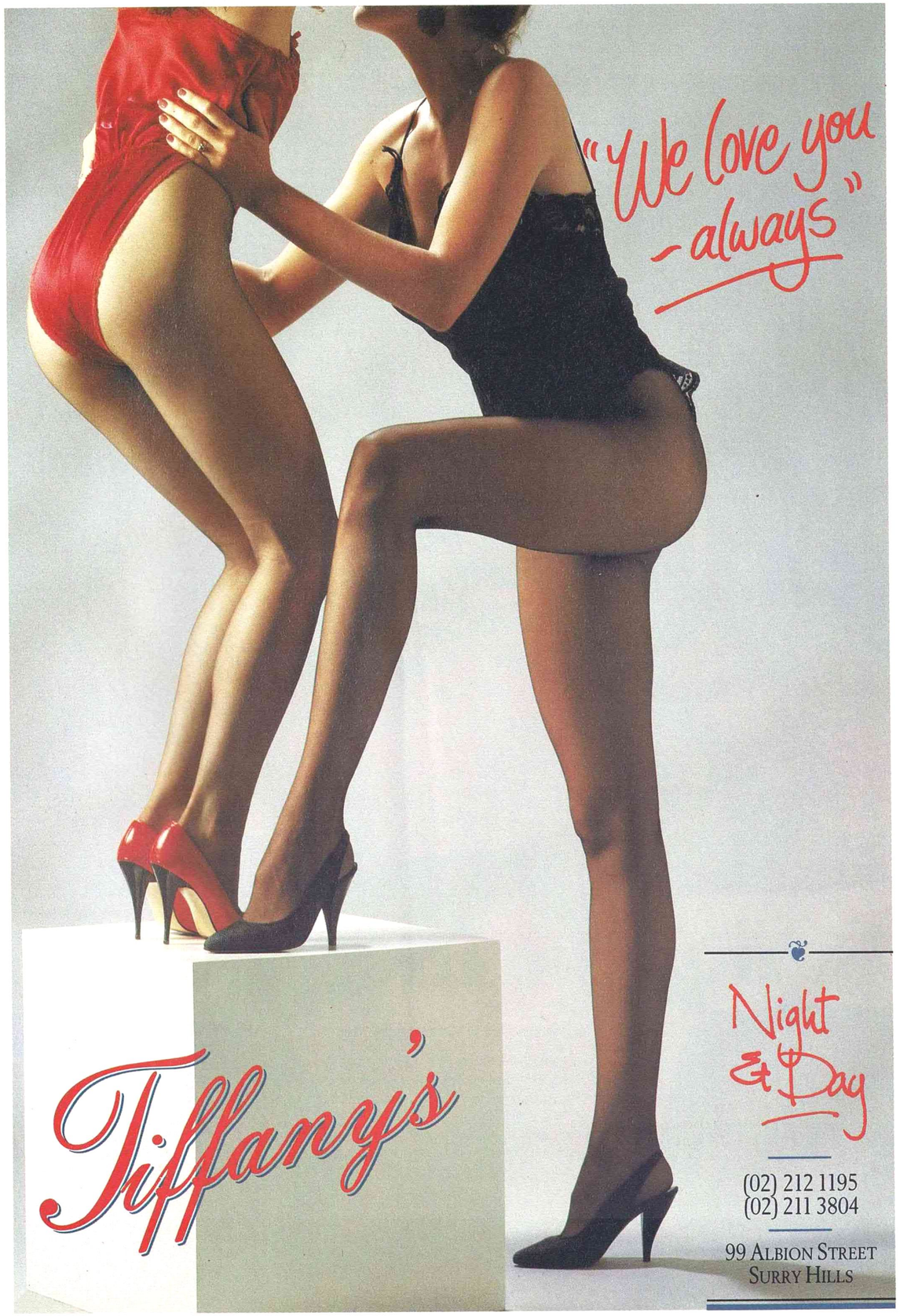
Tom had been fingering my clit with his right hand, and my hot knockers felt the full force of his rock-hard body nearly suffocating me. He knew that finger-fucking was getting a bit tedious and that I wanted to be rammed deeply. I was anxiously awaiting the skin-peeling entrance of his hot member. I looked to my left, where I saw the remains of the half-eaten floss stuck to the wall. An instant later, my pussy screamed in anguished delight as it choked on his long shaft. I felt the onset of orgasm, and I finally freed my left hand from the wall and squeezed Tom's egg-sized balls. My twat writhed in spasmodic vaginal convulsions as I saw him approaching critical mass.

My orgasm was fairly quick and extremely intense – in fact, one of the best I can remember. Shortly after this first of many orgasms, I felt the ride begin to slow down. I had expected Tom to explode his come in me like a howitzer. However, the centrifugal movement of the ride seemed to suck him dry; hot semen oozed from his blood-engorged cock like lava falling off a cliff. Tepid come splattered out of me.

Not only was this one of my best sexual encounters, it was one of the messiest as well. As the ride continued to slow, Tom and I worked furiously to pull outselves into some semblance of normalcy, but there was no way I could hide the flush on my burning cheeks.

When the contraption stopped, Tom helped me from the compartment and assisted me to the exit gate. Tammy was waiting for me there and after one look at my color and shaky gait, she helped me to a seat. "Perhaps you should have something to eat," she said, offering me a bite of a fat red kranski on a stick.

"Thanks, but no thanks," I said, "I've just had one." — *Name and address withheld*

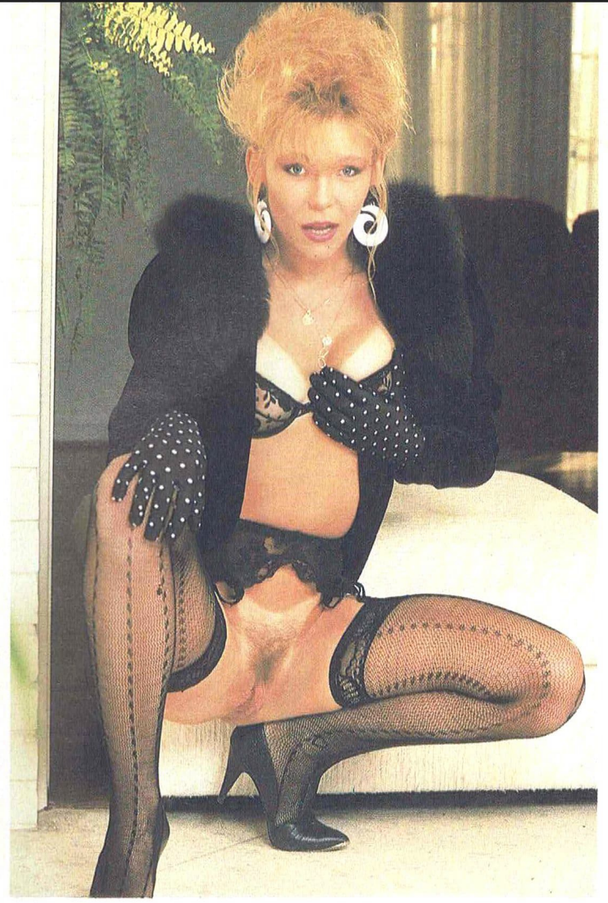


poetry in motion

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT JOHNSON

Once in a while you come across a woman who could mesmerise a stone. Cassandra Lee, 22, has that charisma, that *je ne sais quoi* which spellbinds all around her. "I'm a bit of an old-fashioned girl," she admits. "I'm an incurable romantic. I like the idea of being swept off my feet."

Cassandra models, paints and likes to pen poetry. A girl with a strong artistic streak, she says posing for *Penthouse* provided her with yet another opportunity to express herself. "You can show so many different sides of yourself in front of a camera. I use my poetry and my modelling to reveal myself. These photos are more eloquent than any Byron."



a million swallows

Continued from page 60

shrunken muscles on the leg.

"Just leg," she said. "Nothing too much bad. Maybe you think too much about this leg."

He reached out, his eyes still closed, drew her down so that she lay along his body, her hair in a dark cascade across his throat. With his eyes closed he could imagine all kinds of possibilities . . .

Later, while he dressed, she sat on the edge of the mattress watching him.

"You come back tomorrow?" she said.

He paused. "Yes — if that's all right."

She stood up then, went to him, placed her arms around him, laid her face against his chest. "I can hear your good heart," she said. She lifted her face, smiled at him. "Tomorrow you can buy ice cream . . ."

So he returned on the next day, and bought ice cream, and lay with her in the small hot room. And on the next day, too. On the third day he took her by *tuk-tuk* to Lumpini Park, and they strolled along the pathways, watched the weightlifters with their barbells and mirrors, and drank Coke by the lake. In the late afternoon they went back to the room, and were lying there together when Kampoon returned. Luke, embarrassed, dressed quickly and started to leave; but Kampoon smiled and made a *wai*, and Yee hung on his arm, and he stayed.

He took them both to eat at the terrace restaurant at the Pantip Plaza on Petchburi Road, where they sat with the rich Chinese tourists from Hong Kong and the waiters smiled while they cooked the food on a small gas stove at their table. When it was time for Yee to go to work Kampoon drove them to the Narai, and Luke walked with Yee to the corner of Patpong Road, then stood there watching as she walked away, through the throng of tourists and touts. He realised for the first time that he had never offered her money. And he was glad that he had not.

The next morning he went to the airline office and cancelled his booking, just three days away. He had an open return ticket, and there was no difficulty. There was another week left of his holiday, and nothing to call him home: a small dim flat, a week of TV and beer and idleness, then the desk at the State Electricity Commission for another year. He wondered if he should keep on his room at the Narai, then decided against it. Maybe he could find somewhere a little cheaper, closer to Ratcha Prarop Road.

That afternoon he asked Yee to help him find a place.

"Better you stay with us," she said.

"Stay with *you*?"

She took his hand, and looked up into his face with a slightly worried expression. "Is not very good place, but for only one week . . . and we together. You not like?"

Stunned, he found a smile. "I like too much . . ."

The next day, at ten in the morning, Kampoon came to the Narai in his *tuk-tuk*, collected Luke and his luggage, and took him back to Ratcha Prarop Road. Yee was waiting for him in the room.

She helped him stow his gear. "I do washing for you," she said. "Make cook for you . . ."

"No," he said. "There's no need for that."

"Yes," she said. "I got to look after you now."

He took a five hundred baht note from his pocket, gave it to her.

"Too much," she said.

"No," he said. "Take it. It's less than

> The overhead wires, the ledges and cornices of the buildings were crowded with birds

even a cheap hotel would cost me."

She smiled happily, then tucked the note away. "I cook very good food for you. You be very happy."

And she was right; for the next week he was happier than he had ever been in his life. Each evening he would go with Yee to Silom Road and leave her at the corner. He never thought at all about what she did in Patpong Road. For an hour or so he would stroll the length of Silom Road and eat at one of the stalls or restaurants. Sometimes he would take a *tuk-tuk* back to the room, sometimes he would walk — all the way, past Lumpini Park, the Erewen, across the *klong*, past the closed shops of the markets. By the time he arrived at the room, Kampoon would be there. They would sit together on the front steps, drinking Mekong whiskey, talking idly, chatting with the neighbors. Luke began to learn a little Thai. By ten o'clock they would both retire, lie side by side on the wide bed, and sleep. Despite the heat and the humidity, and the unfamiliar world about him, Luke found that he fell quickly every night into a deep and dreamless sleep. Sometime before dawn, at three or four or five o'clock, Yee would return, slip quietly between them, and go to sleep.

Kampoon always disappeared soon after Yee arrived, and Luke hardly ever saw him again before evening. Luke would wake when it was full light, crawl out of the bed without disturbing Yee, and shower in the tiny communal bathroom down the lane. He would stroll along to Petchburi Road, eat breakfast at one of the street stalls, buy a copy of the *Bangkok Post*, then walk along Ploenchit Road to Chulalongkorn University. There he would sit on a bench or on the grass under the trees and read the paper. A little before noon Luke would walk slowly back to the room, where Yee would be awake. After she had showered, done the small household chores, they would go out together, shop for food, eat ice cream, perhaps go to a picture show. In the late afternoon they would return to the room, take off their clothes and make love.

The days, though each was consumed at such a leisurely pace, passed very quickly. The end of the first week was approaching, and still Luke had not been back to the airline office. His visa had run out, and he wondered if he should try to renew it. Better not, he thought. I'll just front up one day at the airport and pay the fee.

He counted his money. He had more than five hundred dollars left, at least 10,000 baht. At the end of the week, he gave Yee another 500 baht.

"I'm going to stay a bit longer," he said. "Another week, anyway. That all right?"

She laughed happily. "I think you more happy now, you not lonely no more."

He smiled at her, gave her another two hundred baht.

She was puzzled. "What this?"

"A present — send it to your family."

She threw her arms around him, buried her head on his chest. When she spoke her voice was muffled, and he thought she might be crying a little.

"You very good man," she said.

"I know," he said, and laughed. "I've got a good heart."

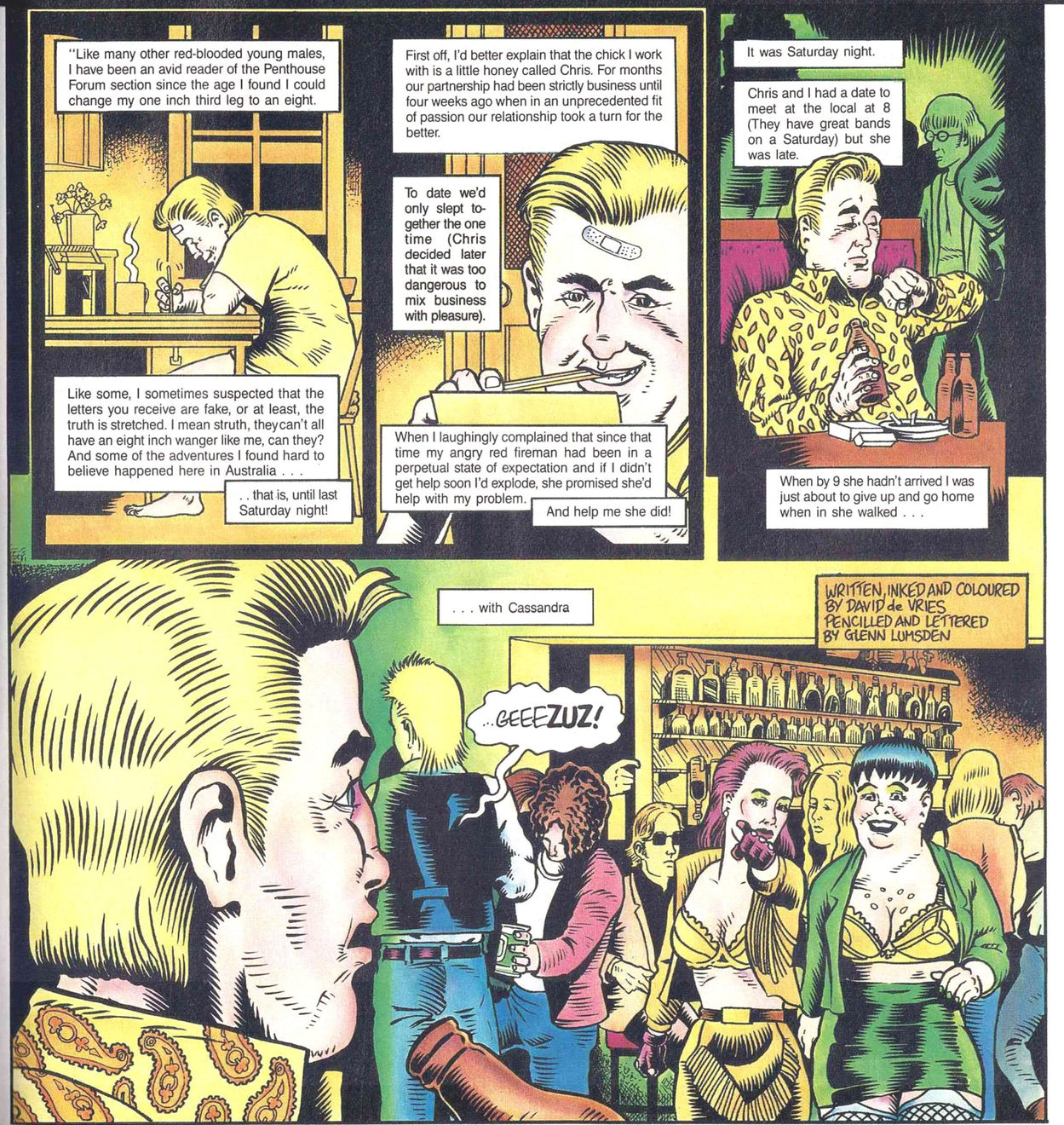
At the end of that week he gave her another five hundred baht without comment. She smiled happily and kissed him.

He left Yee as usual at the corner of Patpong No. 1, turned and walked back along Silom Road. He had no destination in mind. Perhaps he would walk as far as the river, then find a *tuk-tuk* to take him home. The streetlights were sparser on the block before Decho Road, and the bird droppings shone whitely in the dim light. He realised that they covered the whole pavement, a carpet of random splashes that spread from the building line to the kerb. He looked up. As far as the eye could see, the overhead wires, the ledges and

Continued on page 144

BODYGUARD

PART 7: Cassandra


"Like many other red-blooded young males, I have been an avid reader of the Penthouse Forum section since the age I found I could change my one inch third leg to an eight.
Like some, I sometimes suspected that the letters you receive are fake, or at least, the truth is stretched. I mean struth, they can't all have an eight inch wanger like me, can they? And some of the adventures I found hard to believe happened here in Australia . . .
. . that is, until last Saturday night!
First off, I'd better explain that the chick I work with is a little honey called Chris. For months our partnership had been strictly business until four weeks ago when in an unprecedented fit of passion our relationship took a turn for the better.
To date we'd only slept together the one time (Chris decided later that it was too dangerous to mix business with pleasure).
When I laughingly complained that since that time my angry red fireman had been in a perpetual state of expectation and if I didn't get help soon I'd explode, she promised she'd help with my problem.
And help me she did!
It was Saturday night.
Chris and I had a date to meet at the local at 8 (They have great bands on a Saturday) but she was late.
When by 9 she hadn't arrived I was just about to give up and go home when in she walked . . .
. . . with Cassandra
WRITTEN, INKED AND COLOURED BY DAVID de VRIES
PENCILLED AND LETTERED BY GLENN LUMSDEN
..GEEEZUZ!

Well, there and then I knew the wait had been worth it.

Cassandra is what you might call an Amazon. 5'8" (5' of which are legs), breasts the size of rockmelons and an arse that could crack walnuts!

Cassandra was just up from Melbourne and was staying the night at Chris' so Chris had decided to bring her along.

HMM NICE!

It was a warm night (about 35°) and both of them were dressed (or should I say undressed) for the occasion.

CASSANDRA, THIS IS CLARRY, THE ONE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.

ER... G'DAY.

HE DOESN'T LOOK THAT BAD!

GIVE HIM A CHANCE.

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING!

WHEN I SAID I WANTED A PORK I DIDN'T MEAN I WANTED TO ROOT A PIG!

Anyway, to cut a long story short, the band was great, the drink flowed and that night I was in brilliant form.

... AND IT TOOK THE THREE OF US TO PULL HIM OFF!

HA HA HA! PULL HIM OFF! GET IT?

HA HA HA! OH CLARRY, YOU'RE SO WITTY!

I DON'T KNOW WHY CHRISSIE SAYS THOSE THINGS ABOUT YOU!

C'MON, LET'S DANCE!

AAR NOT NOW! THE MUSIC'S TOO SLOW, LET'S WAIT FOR A ROCKY ONE!

COME ON!!

Later, as Cassandra and I danced a slow number cheek to cheek I could feel her hot breath panting against my neck.

Through her gossamer like singlet, that left nothing to the imagination, I could feel her rock hard nipples press against my chest.

My member rose in response and by the look in her eye I knew she could feel it against her creamy thighs.

GEEZE, AN' I THOUGHT MY B.O. WAS BAD!

THIS IS GIVING ME A RAGING SOFT-ON!

The dance over, we returned to our table. I could see that Chris had been watching us with interest.

She smiled in a way that suggested to me she would have liked a little of the same thing . . .

C'ARN FOXY, LET'S BOOGY!

OH DEAR!

I THINK WE'D BETTER GET HER HOME...

. . so it didn't surprise me later when they invited me back for 'coffee'

GEEZE, SHE REALLY SUCKED BACK A FEW TONIGHT!

SHE'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER SOME COFFEE!

Well, back at her flat Chris started to fade. I guess the drink began to catch up with her. So Cassandra went into the kitchen to make some coffee.

But no sooner had she left the room . . .

. . . then Chris was all over me like a rash.

wha-?

In a frenzy she had me stripped down, wrapped her hot pink lips around my pork sword and started to suck on it for all she was worth.

BOOT!

DON'T FIGHT IT, FOXY!

JUST GO BACK TO SLEEP, YOU WON'T FEEL A THING!

This girl could suck a golf ball through a garden hose. Before I knew it, I was harder than a Russian roll call.

CRASH!

The thought that Cassandra could return any second only added to the excitement.

HEY!

It was then I heard a stifled gasp come from the kitchen door. Cassandra was watching!

It was more than I could stand. Picture it . . . Chris' mouth trying to sheath my beef bayonet as Cassandra, the delectable Cassandra, looked on gasping in what I could only described as restained lust.

YOU MONGREL!!

I couldn't take any more,

CLONG!

. . within seconds I was finished.

I lay back stunned, drained of strength.

So complete a job had she done on me that for at least thirty seconds I couldn't see straight.

When I finally regained my sight I thought I must be dreaming. I couldn't believe my eyes. My cries of pleasure must have really fired the girls up . . . .

TRIP!

BU MP!

BOOM!

It was without doubt the best head I'd ever had!

SMASH!

CRASH!

. . . for there they were, Cassandra lying on the couch, her gorgeous fun bags exposed in all their glory, with Chris astride her sucking at them like a calf in spring time.

THERE, THERE CHRISSIE, YOU'LL BE O.K.!

The sight of two girls in sexual ecstasy brought my purple helmeted Darth Vader back to attention with a vengeance, and what these two did for the next ten minutes was enough to rocket me to planet Pluto.

HE DID WHAT?

THE BASTARD! SOB... IT'S NOT FAIR CHRIS, YOU PROMISED YOU'D GET ME LAID!

COME ON, FOXY...

IT'S NOT LIKE WE'VE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE OR ANYTHING...

ANYWAY, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? I'VE BEEN HANGING OUT FOR OVER A MONTH FOR A ROOT NOW...

Noticing my excitement, Chris and Cassandra broke from their amorous actions for a second and suggested that I might like to join them.

YOU HEAR THAT CASSY... DO YOU STILL WANT HIM?

WELL, HE'S A SHIT ALRIGHT... BUT THEN I'M NOT INTERESTED IN ANYTHING LASTING AM I?

"Boy, did I ever!"

NO! WAIT!

Like a couple of wild animals on heat they threw themselves on me. Cassandra, hungry for my man-meat, took me low.

REEEF!

UGH!

OH DEAR... HE'S NOT AS BIG AS I'D HAVE LIKED...

BUT I GUESS BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS!

Chris, anxious to be repaid for her bone chewing, placed her sweet honey pot over my eager lips.

HE'S ALL YOURS CASSIE!

HEY COME ON FOX, CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?!

While Chris moaned in ecstasy at one end, Cassandra slithered slowly out of her remaining clothes down the other . . .

GOSH CHRIS, YOU'RE WHAT I CALL A REAL MATE!

. . . then eagerly buried my throbbing cobra of love deep within the torrid confines of her tropical triangle.

NO! GET HER OFF! SHE'S BREAKING IT!

OH DON'T BE SUCH A BABY!

In that most delightful of ways the three of us screwed until the sun came up.

JUST REMEMBER, CLARRY...

YOU ASKED FOR THIS!

Then, tired but happy, we lapsed into the slumber of the truly satisfied.

What more could any man ask?"

FIN

LOOSE ENDS

TWO-WHEEL TECH

The latest GSX-R760 from Suzuki is one of the most hi-tech bikes to hit the highway. It has been completely updated to reflect the latest in two-wheeled technology. This trailblazer features a more powerful long stroke motor, larger 58mm Slingshot carburettors, four-into-one stainless steel exhaust, inverted forks, new steering damper and adjustable rear wheel with wider Michelin radial high performance tyre (170/60 ZR-17). This elite bike incorporates the latest race-bred technology in every critical area of performance, and is aimed at the sports bike enthusiast. It retails for around $10,000 and is available from all authorised Suzuki dealers.

WET WEAR

This underwater ensemble is the latest scuba-diving gear from Pro-Dive, ideal for paramilitary manoeuvres or just for those who are serious about their sport. It is made of 7mm double-lined neoprene, is extremely flexible, and is fitted out with heavy duty knee pads, inner leg and inner wrist seals. It also has a convenient fast action zip, and retails for around $550. The breathing apparatus is the Divator Mark II, which features twin cylinders filled to a pressure of 4600psi, giving a capacity of 88 cubic feet of air (2400 litres). The system also incorporates an easy-to-read pressure guage, a failsafe reserve mechanism and a full face mask with a new low profile lens, and retails for $3600. The entire aquatic outfit is available from Pro-Dive, contactable on (02) 665 6333.

JOHNNIE WALKER GLASSES

Johnnie Walker Red Label, a household name in Scotch whiskey, are celebrating their success in surmounting the fine Scotch market with the release of limited edition Johnnie Walker glasses. These glasses are an ideal gift for the Johnnie Walker connoisseur and a compulsory addition to any well equipped home bar. To order a set of six JW glasses for $19.99 (including postage and handling) send one crushed bottle cap of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch, along with a cheque or money order, or your Bank/Master/Visa card number and expiry date to: Johnnie Walker Scotch glass offer, PO Box 3075, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Delivery may take up to 28 days, due to demand, but if you don't receive the glasses by then call the JW hotline on (02) 699 2109. To help you toast the new JW glasses here are some specially invented JW tipples:

COLLINS
60 ml (2 fl oz) Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch
Juice of ½ lemon
1 teaspoon caster (powdered) sugar
Slice of lemon
Slice of orange
Cherry

MANHATTAN
45 ml (1½ fl oz) Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch
23 ml (¾ fl oz) Martini & Rossi Dry Vermouth
1 or 2 dashes of Angostura bitters (optional)
Ice
Twist of Lemon
1 Olive

WHISKY ON THE ROCKS
Serve 60ml (2 fl oz) Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch in your Johnnie Walker old-fashioned glass, with ice.

RUSTY NAIL
45 ml (1½ oz) Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch
45 ml (1½ oz) Drambuie
Pour into your old-fashioned glass, over ice. Serve with a twist of lemon peel if desired.

Business Class is the most rapidly expanding sector of the air travel market. Qantas, which captures almost 50 percent of business travel out of Australia, has responded to the trend by revamping its

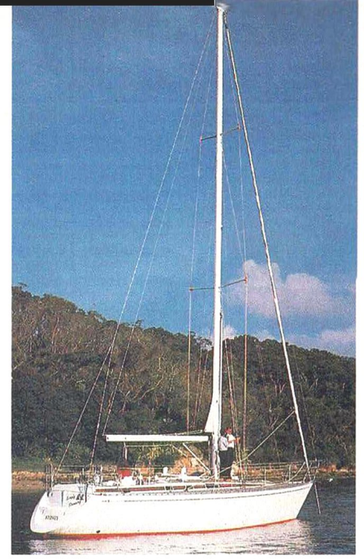
BIG BUSINESS

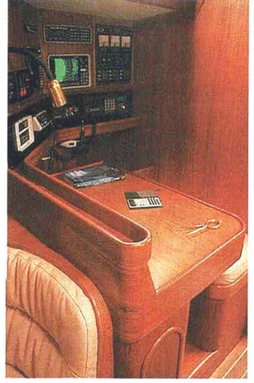
Business Class. Refinements and innovations through its 747 fleet will include new contoured seats offering more comfort and space, business facilities and new menus courtesy of executive chef Hans Zurcher; features which the company claims will complement its superior checking-in facilities, priority baggage system and in-flight service.

LOOSE ENDS

WONDER WOMAN

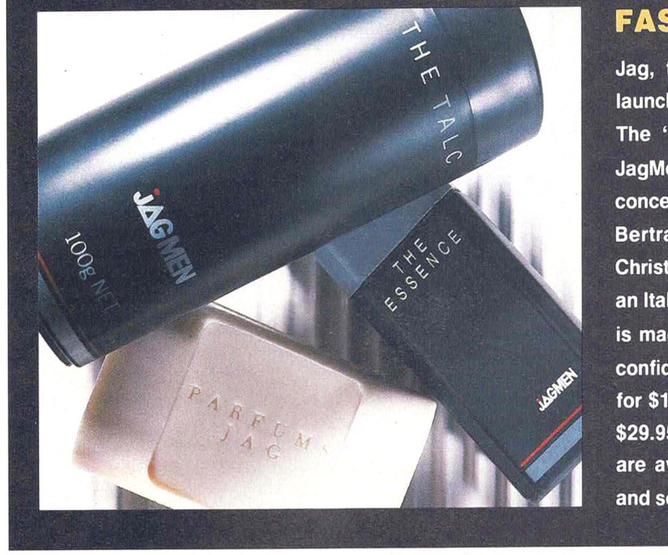
October '89 Pet Of The Month Kristina Dwyer hit the headlines late last year when she finished second in the women's section of the gruelling 600-kilometre Simpson Desert Cycling Classic. The event, which saw 31 contestants battling huge sand dunes and high temperatures, raised funds for the Paraquad Association of NSW. Kristina says she couldn't have crossed the finish line without the support of her sponsors, Philips, Netti Cyclewear and Wooly's Wheels cycle shop in Paddington.





Australia has moved into the world-class luxury yacht market with the advent of Wayworld 45. The nation's boating press reached for the book of superlatives when reviewing it, comparing it to the legendary Swans, the Finnish yachts generally regarded as the Rolls Royces of the yachting world. A Swan 46 costs around $1 milllion and comes off a production line. The Australian Wayworld 45 matches the Swans in style and performance, sells for $450,000 and is entirely hand-built. The anticipated annual output by Wayworld Yachts is limited to four, maybe five — a rate that already has discerning yachtsmen from around the world queuing up. For specifications and further information, contact Joe Brookes, Wayworld Yachts Pty Ltd, 64 Newton Rd, Wetherill.

TOP OF THE CLASS

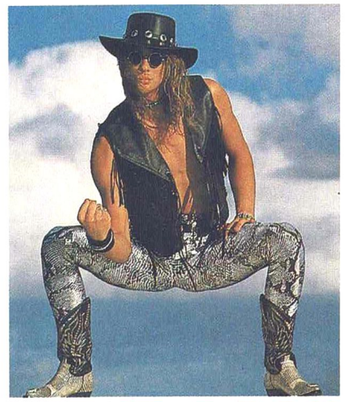


FASHIONABLE FRAGRANCES

Jag, the name behind designer denim, has now launched a new scent range for the aromatic male. The "Essence of Jag" fragrance range includes JagMen cologne, soap and talc. The fragrance was conceived by the renowned French perfumery Rouve Bertrand, creators of fragrances for Givenchy, Christian Dior and Oscar de la Renta. The scent has an Italian edge with a spicy, soft oriental aroma, and is made for the modern man who wants to "exude confidence, style and individuality." The soap retails for $12.95, the talc for $16.95, the 50ml cologne for $29.95, and the 75ml for $39.95. JagMen products are available at all Jag stores, department stores, and selected pharmacies.

SUNSKI T-SHIRT

The name behind stylish shades, Sunski, have a limited number of Sunski Black Label T-shirts on offer. These T-shirts feature two terminally cool, appropriately shaded canines printed on the back, and the Sunski Black Label logo on the front. These individual T-shirts are available in both short and long sleeves and are priced at $34.95. To get your hands on one send a cheque or money order for the above amount to: Sunski Australia, PO Box 324, Caringbah , NSW 2229. Do not send cash. For Bankcard and Mastercard orders call (02) 540 2233.



LET IT ROCK

If you want to be on the razor's edge of fashion, Let it Rock specialises in rock 'n' roll outfits and accessories. Their wild and outrageous range includes artistically designed leather jackets, the classic American western boot and one of the largest selections of Doc Marten shoes and boots available. Accessories include an amazing selection of belts, buckles and bootstraps from London, and exceptional American jewellery. This raunchy range is imported direct from the most innovative designers in London and the USA, and caters to those who want clothing that won't quit. Let it Rock is located at shop P137, Pitt Street level, Centrepoint. Enquiries on (02) 231 4640.

A QUICK PEEK AT APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Kickboxing — Thailand's violent national sport is known as *Muay Thai*, a martial art considered by some to be the ultimate form of hand-to-hand combat. Next month *Australian Penthouse* takes you into the Bangkok stadiums where the top kickboxers earn millions of baht and are revered as gods by the crowds which cluster to see them.

Eco-rape — Japan may be renowned as a wealthy and progressive industrialised nation, but the world pays a heavy price for its booming consumer-oriented economy. A serious side-effect of Japanese industry is the blatant destruction of other countries' ecologies. Woodchipping and fishing are two areas that are relevant for Australians. April *Penthouse* reveals why Japan is the world's most reluctant greenie.

Pet Of The Year — Who will be the 1990 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year? The answer is in our big April issue, along with a selection of the world's most beautiful women. Don't miss deliriously beautiful Diane Marks in just one of half a dozen pulse-raising pictorials.

Down Under Video — That's the name of the production company which is making the first explicit X-rated movies ever shot in Australia. *Penthouse* was invited on to the set for an exclusive insight into a fascinating and occasionally hilarious business. Will Australia's first male porn star finally come good? Find out in April *Penthouse*.

a million swallows

Continued from page 134

cornices of the buildings were crowded with birds. They sat quietly, motionless in the yellow light from the street lamps. Luke thought there must be at least a million of them, and he wondered why he had never noticed them before.

As he stood, craning upwards, a young Thai woman with a child beside her ran quickly past him towards the nearest awning, a newspaper folded over her head. She and the child were laughing happily. As he watched, a fresh white patch appeared next to his foot. He hurried away in the wake of the woman and the child.

"What are they?" he said, catching up to the woman. "The birds?"

She turned, smiling. "Swallows," she said. "They swallows. Every year they come to Bangkok this time, stay for little while, then go away." She laughed again, took the child's hand. "Make much mess . . ."

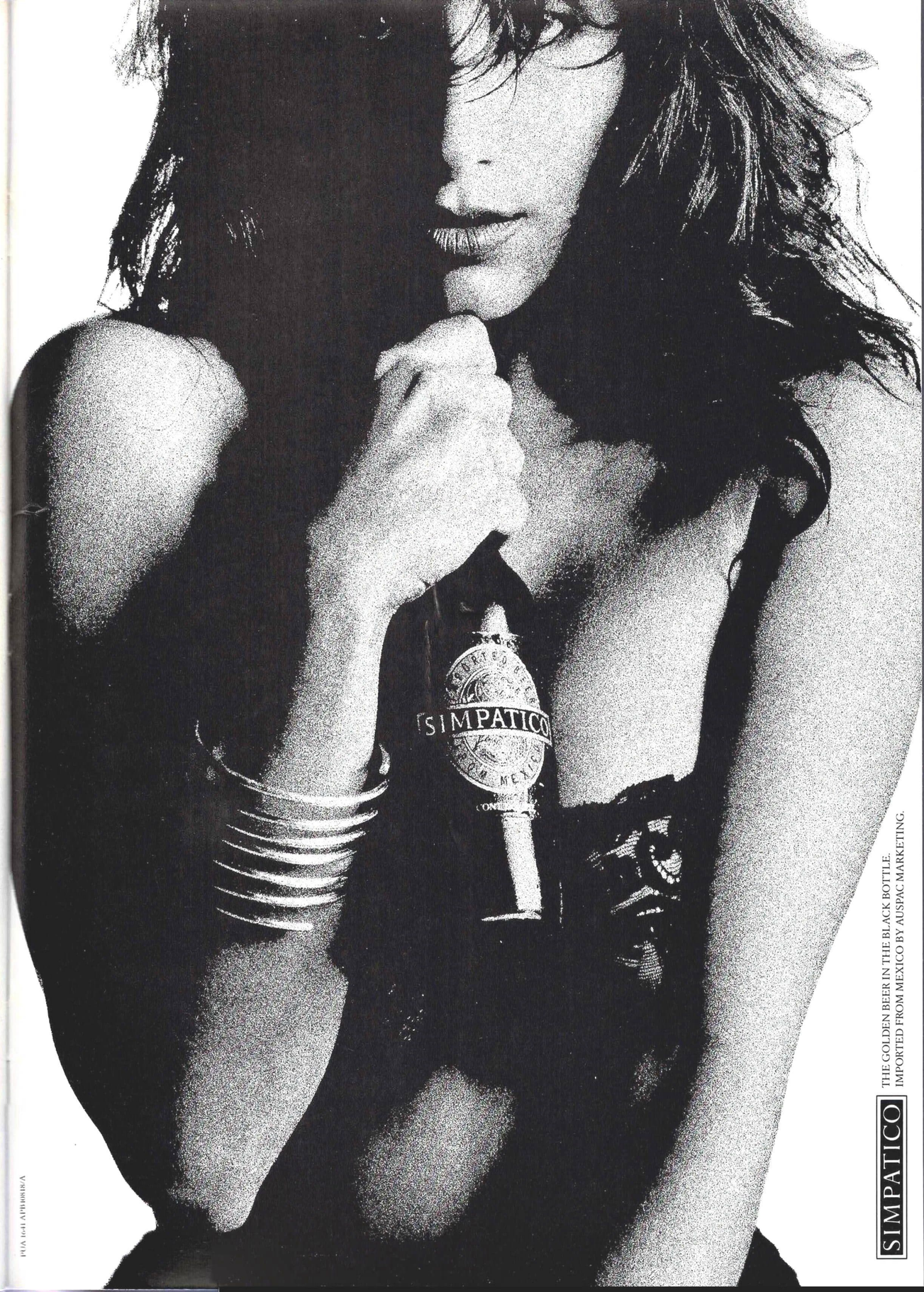
He walked on, looking up now and then to stare at the birds. He passed the Narai Hotel without giving it a glance, continued along the street. The birds, motionless, silent, garlanded every wire, every ledge. It was only when he came to the cross-roads at Mahesak Road that their numbers began to dwindle.

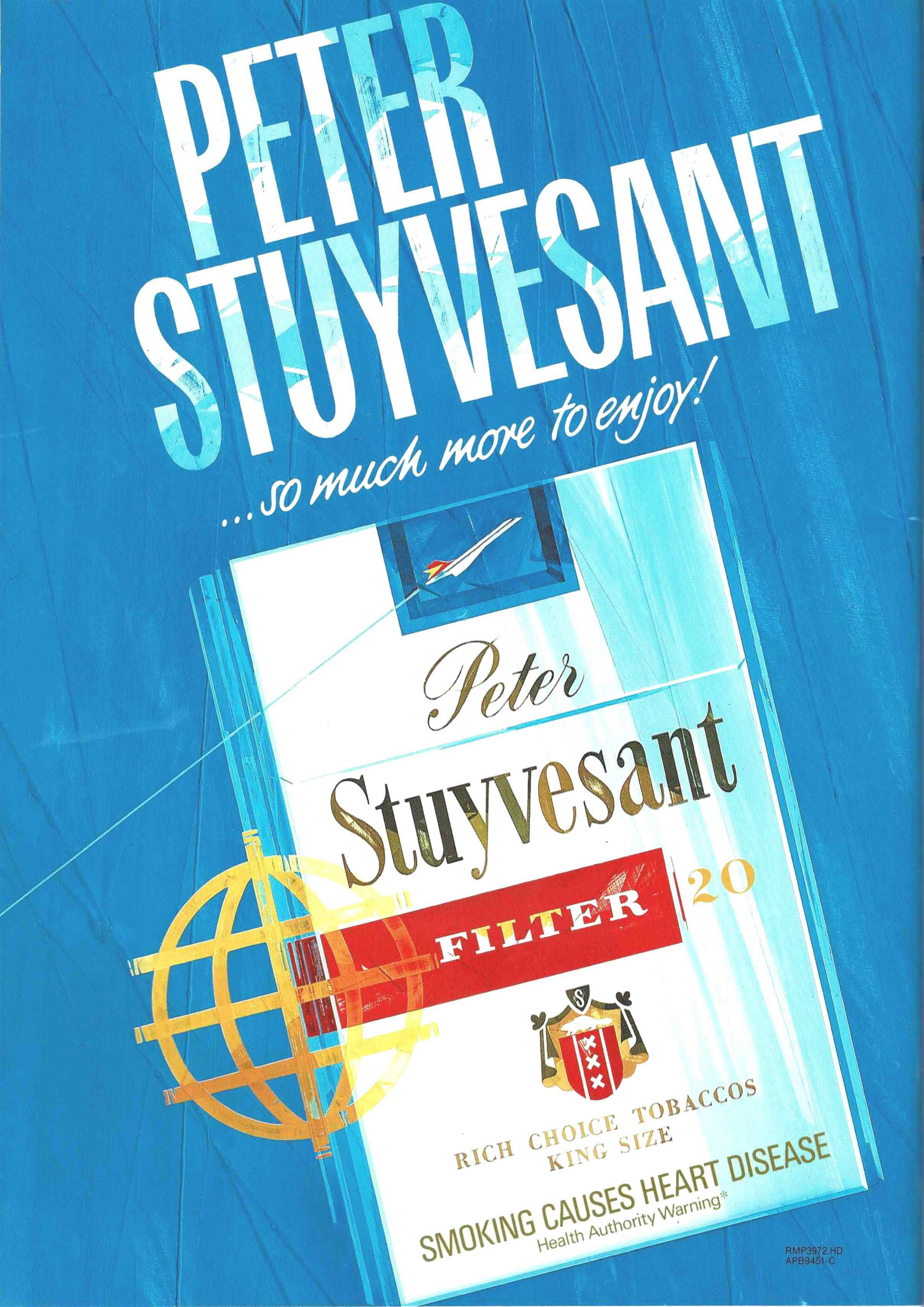
He continued on towards the river, a little disturbed. For some reason the swallows reminded him of Yee and Kampoon, of all the others who came to Bangkok in a kind of migration that they could neither control nor fully understand.

Near the corner of Charoen Krung Road his leg began to ache. He went into a small restaurant and ordered a beer. He sat drinking quietly, staring out at the night. After a few minutes he took a scrap of paper and pencil from his pocket and began to make some small calculations. He still had nearly 10,000 baht, enough to last him for at least two months if he were careful. In the bank at home he had another 2000 dollars, perhaps 40,000 baht — enough for another 40 weeks. He could write to the bank, ask them to send it to him. All told, enough for a year. And there was his airline ticket, too; he could cash it in, and when the time came, well, let the Consulate repatriate him. Of course, they might catch him before then and deport him. But they would have to find him first, and he didn't think that would be easy in the warren of Ratcha Prarop Road. And even if they did, he might still have enough money for a small bribe.

One day he would have to leave, like the swallows; but he saw no profit in thinking about it now.

He finished his beer, paid, went out into the street, and limped away into the darkness to find a *tuk-tuk*.

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